1010

CHRISTABELLE,

THE

MAID OF ROUEN.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

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CHRISTABELLE,

THE

MAID OF ROUEN.

A Novel,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MRS. HANWAY,

AUTHOR OF "ELLINOR," "ANDREW STUART,"
AND "FALCONBRIDGE ABBEY."

"You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice;
I'd write no more.
Not write, but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink,
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write."

Pope.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1814.

DEDICATED

(BY PERMISSION)

1010

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

MOST truly gratified, flattered, and honoured by being allowed to present a work of imagination to Your Royal Highness, I am encouraged to solicit your support and protection for "Christabelle the Maid of Rouen;" convinced she has every thing to hope from your condescending amenity of manners, goodness of heart, and

universal philanthropy. These rare qualities united have acquired you the respect, esteem, and admiration of all ranks of the community.

Your Royal Highness, humane, equitable, and just, whose ear is ever open to a tale of woe, and your hand always ready to relieve distress, from your exalted sphere you descend with benignity to commiserate the sufferings of the poor. You are always to be found in the Senate, pleading with energetic powerful oratory the cause of humanity, desirous to behold restored to freedom Afric's sable sons, to see them enfranchised from their galling chains, their unjust thraldom, their enforced slavery! You have also zealously endeavoured to emancipate from restrictions no longer deemed necessary, in this enlight-

ened era of Britain, which were imposed by political prudence, in turbulent and factious times, upon our Catholic brethren; men who, with ourselves, acknowledge the same God, whom they worship in spirit, faith, and truth!

By this conduct Your Royal Highness has added dignity to your superior rank: while respected as a prince, you are venerated as a man: when you appear in public you are greeted with acclamations, received with enthusiastic applause, springing spontaneously from grateful hearts; to which allow me the honor of adding my feeble voice, assured you will receive, with your wonted suavity, *my Wanderer*, trusting that her heroic conduct in most trying situations, her " hair-breadth scapes by field and

"flood," may amuse a leisure hour, in an interregnum from more important studies. In this hope I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

Most devoted,

And very obedient Servant,

M. A. HANWAY.

Blackheath,
September 1ſt, 1814.

I have found less scrupulous, having always forborne to *copy* even from myself. To the utmost my imagination has been exerted to present to the amusement of my readers original characters, when with half the trouble of thought it cost to produce *new*, I might have re-dressed my *old*. I was ever ambitious to be enabled to say with Shakspeare's fool, "tho' a little homely, 'tis a thing of my own."

Strange and unaccountable as it may appear, that so popular a novelist as Madame D'Arblay should think upon the same subject with one so unlike herself, she who has attained the summit of Parnassus; my aspirings reached not that height, content to cull a nosegay from those simple native flowers that fringe the base of the mountain! That we have each *thought* alike is a stubborn fact! My mere assertion is nothing; it is therefore incumbent on me to bring proof that "Christabelle" was ready for the press in last October, and to the manuscript not a single word has been added. Had I not been prevented by eight months severe sufferings, from presenting the fair Maid of Rouen to the world, the wanderers might have made their *début* at the same time.

To the truth of this aſſertion, I am permitted to call upon my truly amiable, and highly eſtimated friend, Miſs Porter, the admired author of the " Scottiſh Chieftains," &c., and to refer to other names dear to literature, to whom the ſentiments that actuate my conduct are well known, and that I *am incapable* of uſing deceptive arts to acquire falſe fame. *They* know " Chriſtabelle" was finiſhed, as ſhe now appears, long before the time that Madame D'Arblay's work was announced as being in the preſs; of courſe I could not borrow one idea from that lady's novel. A yet ſtronger argument might be urged, — the impoſſibility of writing four large volumes in the ſpace of a few months, when many years were beſtowed by the author in compoſing and arranging " The Maid of Rouen." By thoſe who honor this ſtatement of plain unvarniſhed facts with a candid peruſal, I cannot entertain a doubt the aſſertions it contains will be accredited. From this conviction, I dare fearleſsly truſt to a generous public, the fate of " Chriſtabelle."

PREFACE.

ON finifhing the prefent work, I flattered myfelf that, like Ariel's, my tafk was done; but, alas! I am compelled to become an egotift, and trefpafs on the patience of my readers, from a caufe for which I was wholly unprepared. Feeling it a duty to exonerate myfelf from a charge that may be brought againft me, of a no lefs heinous nature than that of *plagiarifm*, I may be cited to appear before the auguft Judges of the Court of Literature, to anfwer for the crime of having ftolen the plot of "Chrifta-belle" from Madame D'Arblay's "Wan-derer." It muft be allowed that there is a ftrong coincidence of ideas in the planning our refpective works, fufficiently fo to im-prefs the admirers of that lady with an opinion that I had availed myfelf of her inventive powers, to raife the fabrick of my

ſtory. Againſt this belief, I can bring incontrovertible proofs.

Moſt deſirous to gratify myſelf by reading the anxiouſly expected "Wanderer," which being announced as written by the admired author of "Cecilia," I ſat down to its peruſal, prepared for a literary treat; as I proceeded, great indeed was my aſtoniſhment, *dare I ſay* mortification, to find my ſtory foreſtalled by ſo palpable a reſemblance in the ground-work of theſe novels, fearing, as the "Wanderer" had the ſtart, I might be condemned as a *plagiariſt*, a fault that I had ever ſedulouſly ſought to avoid; but with the plot the likeneſs terminates. The incidents, the ſituations, and the characters that each heroine meets in their varied wanderings, will be found diametrically oppoſite!

I am therefore only anxious to exculpate myſelf from the charge of *plagiariſm.*—I am too proud to dreſs myſelf in borrowed plumage; have ever avoided imitating even thoſe gifted by the higheſt genius in that path of literature I have attempted to tread; unlike many of my contemporaries, whom

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CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1773, France under her old *regime*, was governed with abſolute ſway, by her *Grand Monarque*, oppreſſed by her nobleſſe, cruſhed by her taxes, and ſubjugated by the powerful control of an imperious prieſthood; the body ſhackled, the mind not free; yet they were not miſerable! This aſſertion may appear incredible to our countrymen, who enjoy the protection of a mild government, and equitable laws, that enable every man to baſk in freedom under his own fig-tree. To him liberty is only bliſs; yet it is moſt true every

peaſant, who footed it on the ſod in his wooden ſabots, with the village maids, appeared cheerful, content, and happy: reckleſs of the morrow, they enjoyed the preſent moment with a *goût*, that the ſons of wealth and rank might contemplate with envy. Pleaſure lighted up their animated countenances, and health gave elaſticity to their limbs; they laughed, danced, ſung, and "caſt old care behind them." In deſpite of poverty and oppreſſion, theſe philoſophers of nature did not deſpond; unlike our ſaturnine iſlanders who, to avoid the ſlavery of man, dare ruſh uncalled into the preſence of their Maker!

Such as we have depicted them, was the real character of the Gauls at the period our tale commences; for thoſe convulſions that have ſince ſhook with uproarious anarchy that devoted country even to its centre, were then only amalgamating in the crucible of modern philoſophy, which has ſince burſt forth with all the furor of a ſuppreſſed volcano, ſweeping in ruinous devaſtation every thing dear to man, and ſa-

cred to God! Under the faſcinating name of liberty, we have beheld rapine, violation, and murder ſtalk abroad. Innocence was no protection, the palace no ſecurity, the church no ſanctuary, againſt the ſabre of the aſſaſſin: all nature groaned with her atrocities; whole hecatombs of victims were daily immolated at the ſhrines of avarice, ambition, revenge, cruelty, and luſt. Like tygers who have once taſted blood, they loſt no opportunity to gorge themſelves with the ſanguinary banquet!

The firſt promoters of the Revolution were men of ſenſe, erudition, and honour, who loved their country, and meant well to the commonweal: they only wiſhed to free an oppreſſed people, from thoſe galling chains by which they had for ages been ſubjugated. Alas! they foreſaw not the mighty miſchief that would enſue from the multitude, when inebriated to intoxication by the joys of freedom,—that the crouching ſlave would become in his turn a tyrant. They ſhould have reflected, that power placed in weak minds ever degenerates into

licentiousness. In consequence of those mutations of men and manners, that are always occasioned by the convulsion of empires, the *canaille* arose upon the necks of their superiors; thus the very dregs of the nation became its rulers: with weak heads and depraved hearts, dressed in a little brief authority, they sought a retaliation of their past sufferings, and glutted their vengeance alike upon the innocent and the guilty. Hence arose those monstrous crimes, from which humanity shrinks with horror; crimes that were for years committed by those vile depopulators of their species. These have been so often pourtrayed by more energetic pens, that it precludes the necessity of our dwelling at present upon a subject so repugnant to our feelings, though in the course of our narrative we shall be but too often compelled to recur to those scenes of devastation.

At Rouen, the capital of Normandy, the heroine of our tale first inhaled the breath of life. On the evening of the festival of Corpus Christi, a day ever held as a sacred

jubilee by all *bon Catholiques*, Monſieur and Madame Luneville, having returned from celebrating grand maſs in the church of St. Owen's, were ſeated at their comfortable *petit-ſouper*, when they were alarmed by a tremendous knocking at the door. Monſieur, who was an accoucheur of much celebrity, and one of the kindeſt and beſt of mortals, obſerved with a ſmile to his wife, who looked vexed at the interruption, "You ladies ſo often contrive to rob me of a meal, that I am not ſurpriſed at this *mal-a-propos* ſummons, though I allow I ſhould have been as well pleaſed to have ſwallowed that nice wing of a poulet, you have juſt put on my plate." The ſervant entering, announced a gentleman, who ſaid he was in extreme haſte, and requeſted to ſpeak in private to her maſter.

The Doctor led the way to another room, and after a few minutes converſation, the ſtranger ruſhed precipitately from the houſe, to which he ſoon returned, followed by a carriage and four foaming horſes, out of which he lifted a lady, whoſe fac

was completely covered by a black maſk. She was inſtantly conveyed to a bed-room, being evidently in immediate want of the good accoucheur's aſſiſtance. The gentleman retired to another apartment, deſiring to be inſtantly ſummoned when the lady was ſafe. Madame Luneville's attendance was ſolicited by her huſband, a ſervant's preſence being objected to. In leſs than half an hour his patient was ſafely delivered of a beautiful female infant, which being dreſſed by Madame, in ſome very elegant baby clothes that were brought from the carriage, the ſuppoſed father was acquainted with its birth.

On its being preſented to him, he viewed its innocent face for ſome moments in indignant ſilence; then as he turned from it, exclaimed, "Poor little wretch! thy fate is indeed hard: doomed from the hour of thy birth an alien to all the claims of conſanguinity, thy natural relatives are by dire neceſſity compelled to commit thee to receive from ſtrangers, thoſe tender attentions they are forbid to beſtow." This apo-

ſtrophe ſtrongly agitated its mother, to whom he whiſpered ſomething in accents ſo low as not to be underſtood by any but herſelf; whatever was their purport, ſhe acceded to them by a meek bend of her head.

He now retired with Monſieur Luneville, with whom he requeſted a private conference, and thus addreſſed him: "The trouble I have occaſioned you and your family, by my ſtrange conduct this night, I am conſcious demands an explanation and apology. Alas! my good Sir, at the preſent moment I have none to offer, but that it has been dictated by imperious neceſſity! The birth of the poor infant who has juſt ſeen the light, it is neceſſary ſhould be kept a profound ſecret. I dare truſt to your honour, though forbid to put you wholly into my confidence. My election of you in this delicate dilemma, was made from your high character for profeſſional ſkill, and univerſal philanthropy. Your behaviour to your patient on this trying occaſion has raiſed you ſtill higher in my

opinion than even your former fame had done. Though thus eftimating your worth, I cannot declare who are this child's connections, only that they are in the fuperior ranks of fociety!"

Our Doctor was but a man, and, like all others of mortal mould, was well pleafed at the fyren voice of flattery. Praife beftowed with fuch an appearance of candour, that he felt confcious through a long life of having exerted himfelf to deferve, was moft grateful to his felf-love. He therefore bowed, and fmiled his thanks to the ftranger, who perceiving his flowery addrefs had interefted his hearer, affumed courage to proceed, and opened his plan, by faying, "My moft earneft wifh is, to prevail upon the humanity of Madame and yourfelf to take charge of the poor infant, whom you have juft ufhered into the world. I am moft willing to make a liberal allowance for her fupport and education, which I wifh to be genteel, but not fplendid. It will be neceffary that fhe fhould be taught to read and fpeak Englifh fluently. If I have the

happineſs to induce you to comply with my requeſt, at ſome future time, I ſhall feel it incumbent to be more explicit; and what I am now compelled to envelop in myſtery, ſhall be elicited to the diſpelling thoſe doubts, which in deſpite of candour, I clearly perceive imbue your mind with prejudice." The ſtranger now pauſed for an anſwer, while preſſing the hand of Monſieur Luneville, he laid a well filled purſe of louis-d'ors upon the table, intreating he would honour him by accepting its contents, as a ſmall token of gratitude for his attentive care of its mother, whatever might be his deciſion in reſpect to her child.

In the rapid ſucceſſion of ſcenes in which he had been engaged within the laſt hour, the Doctor had been too buſily employed to allow himſelf time to think, or comment on the wonderous occurrences to which they had given birth. No time was allowed to arrange his thoughts or digeſt the ſubject of the unexpected propoſal, to which

his impatient gueſt awaited an immediate anſwer.

After pondering a few moments, he expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at the romantic tranſactions of the evening, and his ſurprize at being ſelected as a proper perſon for ſo ſerious a truſt, which he wiſhed to decline altogether. Madame and himſelf were both advanced in years, and it was very improbable they ſhould live to ſee their young charge reared to maturity. Another cogent reaſon was, they had no children living of their own, and might feel as parents for an infant born under their roof, thrown upon their humanity, and reared upon their knees! If their *protegée* was not claimed before their death, it would occaſion a ſevere pang in their laſt moments to reflect, that the object of their fondneſs would be left to ſtruggle through a world of temptation, without either natural or acquired protectors!

Theſe juſt arguments were combated by the ſtranger, who anſwered, "My dear Sir,

every thing you ſay againſt accepting the truſt is the moſt incontrovertible proof how very properly I have choſen a guardian for the little foundling, who I am convinced will in you find a friend and father." Monſieur Luneville bowed at the compliment, but ſaid he could not decide till he had conſulted his wife. He retired for that purpoſe, and found her more ready to accede to the propoſal, than to offer any objections; her heart being filled with commiſeration for the poor infant, that its parents were preparing to abandon. Her arguments prevailed, and he conſented to become the protector of our heroine, for whoſe uſe he was to receive annually a hundred louis-d'ors. The money was now paid in advance; and if his ward lived over that period, he was to draw for a like ſum, in his own name, on an eminent banker in Paris.

This important buſineſs ſettled, they repaired to the chamber of the incognita, with whom her companion having held a converſation in Italian, informed his amazed

auditors, that it was of the utmoſt importance they ſhould inſtantly depart. The carriage was at the door with four freſh horſes, which they perceived was a plain travelling one, fitted up with a bed, and every convenience for the accommodation of an invalid. In vain the Doctor and his wife remonſtrated, that in all human probability the lady's life would pay the forfeit of undertaking a journey in her preſent delicate ſituation!

The ſtranger ſternly anſwered, that it was only encountering a leſſer evil to prevent a greater; that the object of their alarm was convinced his conduct was dictated by imperious neceſſity, therefore ſhe was prepared to riſk the conſequences. To this peremptory unfeeling ſpeech, ſhe offered no oppoſition, only bowing a ſubmiſſive aſſent. Being taken from her bed, and dreſſed by Madame Luneville, a large cloth cloak was wrapped around her, which envelloping her whole perſon, ſhe was carried between the Doctor and her companion, and laid carefully in the chaiſe,

which departed with the utmoſt rapidity.

Before ſhe was removed, ſhe preſſed to her heart her ſleeping babe, earneſtly recommending it to the care of Madame Luneville, who moſt ſolemnly promiſed to be unto it a mother, until reclaimed by her natural protectors. This good woman felt poignantly for ſo young a creature as ſhe appeared, thus compelled, from motives that ſhunned the light, to ſet her life upon a caſt, and have her helpleſs infant torn from her arms, at the very moment through ſuffering and danger ſhe had given it life. She puzzled herſelf in vain to account for ſuch unnatural cruelty. Perhaps ſhe had married beneath her family, and was thus ſacrificed to the overweening pride of her ambitious anceſtors; or ſhe might have permitted love to triumph over virtue, and to preſerve appearances with the world, ſhe was thus compelled to outrage all the ties of natural affection!

Theſe reflections paſſed rapidly through the mind of Madame Luneville. Whatever was the cauſe, ſhe wept genuine tears of

pity for the effect. On taking leave of the incognita, while kiſſing her white hands, ſhe whiſpered an earneſt entreaty to receive a few lines without either name or date, for it would ſooth her agitated feelings to hear that ſhe had not materially ſuffered by riſking a journey in her preſent ſtate of health. The young mother with tears embraced her, thanking her for the humanity that dictated the requeſt, promiſing that if poſſible it ſhould be complied with. While her overbearing companion was arranging with the Doctor the diſpoſal of her infant, ſhe had taken a pearl bracelet from her arm, claſped with a valuable antique: on faſtening it round the neck of her babe, upon whoſe face from underneath her maſk fell floods of tears, ſhe exclaimed, with a heart-drawn ſigh, "Dear little unfortunate, ſhould thy life be ſpared, it is moſt probable thou wilt never again be folded to the boſom of thy wretched mother!"

Madame Luneville, who was aſſailed by a painful curioſity to know ſomething more

of her guefts, ventured to inquire if the gentleman who accompanied her was not its father, but was by its weeping parent folemnly affured of the contrary. "I rejoice at that for the honour of the fex," replied her indignant auditrefs, "for I am fure he has a favage nature, that would make him a tyrannical hufband and an unnatural parent." Thus we have feen by an unexpected tiffue of events, within the fhort fpace of two hours, the worthy Lunevilles had found themfelves in poffeffion of a little infant, whofe cruel defertion and helplefsnefs made fuch forcible claims upon their commiferation, that Madame, preffing it to her bofom, vowed, by her patron faint, it fhould be unto her as a child, whom fhe would never forfake unlefs reclaimed by her to whom it owed its exiftence.

Their houfe in fome degree reftored to quietude, its owners returned to the deferted fupper-room, but with no appetite to renew their interrupted banquet. The viands removed, they commenced a converfation upon the events of the evening. They

agreed the firſt thing neceſſary was to provide a nurſe for their charge. Their election fell upon a weaver's wife, who occupied a clean and airy cottage in the pariſh of St. Sever's, whoſe life, a month ſince, had been ſaved by the ſkill of our accoucheur: ſhe had been nearly loſt through the ignorance of a midwife. To this woman, who was all gratitude for her preſervation, it was determined to ſend the infant.

In the quick ſucceſſion of the night's occurrences, they had forgot to inquire by what name their *eléve* was to be deſignated. Madame Luneville, who was romantic, ſuperſtitious, and religious, obſerved that the child being born on the feſtival of Corpus Chriſti, ſhe wiſhed, if Monſieur had no objection, to have her named Chriſtabelle. To this he cheerfully aſſented. It being the uſage of the French to preſent their children at the baptiſmal font as ſoon as poſſible after their birth, the following day the ceremony was performed at the church of St. Sulpice, the good Doctor and his wife ſtanding ſponſors. The rites of the church performed,

the young Chriſtian was committed to the eſpecial care of Marian Ange, with the promiſe of a liberal reward if ſhe did her duty to the little Chriſtabelle.

On an application to the box of baby clothes was diſcovered a very elegant mantle, compoſed of white ſatin, embroidered with a beautiful border of well-wrought flowers in coloured chenille. In the centre a medallion in gold letters was worked, the gift of a mother, to infold the infant which a cruel fate condemns her to abandon, as ſoon as born, to the charitable protection of ſtrangers. This performance, that had employed the moments of a ſorrowing, affectionate parent as a preſent to her deſerted child, after receiving her admiration, was moſt carefully depoſited in the cedar cheſt of Madame Luneville; to which was annexed the pearl bracelet taken from the neck of Chriſtabelle, ſhe truſting if thoſe documents were preſerved, they might at ſome future time enable her *protegée* to trace the authors of her exiſtence.

Of the lady's face ſhe had not been able

to catch a glimpſe. Even in the moments of extreme agony, which might be naturally ſuppoſed to ſuperſede caution, the wiſh to retain her ſecret prevailed; and the velvet maſk, that was fitted to, and faſtened on her face, that threatened ſuffocation, no intreaties of the accoucheur could prevail upon her to remove. She appeared young; not more than ſeventeen: the contour of her perſon elegant, her addreſs faſcinating, and her manners highly poliſhed, bringing conviction to her auditors, that ſhe had moved in the higher ranks of ſociety.

Her companion was evidently diſguiſed: he wore a black wig pulled over his forehead even with his eyebrows, that were coloured to match it. An Indian ſhawl handkerchief envelopped the lower part of his face. The conſtant buſtle that was occaſioned by their unexpected viſit, kept the family ſo much employed for the two hours they ſtopped, that it gave no individual who compoſed it time to ſatisfy the curioſity excited by their conduct, in a minute inveſtigation of one whoſe intereſt and inclination it

was to ſhrowd the tranſactions of that eventful night in impervious darkneſs! Theſe obſervations on her gueſts, convinced Madame Luneville the only chance her *protegée* would ever have to be acknowledged by her mother, was the being able to produce the bracelet and mantle: the latter was evidently fabricated with a latent hope that it might at a future period lead to ſo deſirable an event as reclaiming her child, which it was evident ſhe had abandoned with extreme regret.

A fortnight elapſed, and no letter arrived from the incognita. This ſilence very much alarmed the worthy Lunevilles, who feared her death had terminated this romantic adventure. Her companion had ſhewn no anxiety in the fate of their young charge, it was therefore more than probable ſhe would be noticed no more by him. This gave them no uneaſineſs but on Chriſtabelle's account, who, if thrown upon their humanity, they had vowed at the baptiſmal font to protect and ſupport. Her helpleſsneſs and innocent ſmiles had made for her an intereſt in their good hearts.

At the termination of ſix weeks, when all expectation of hearing from the incognita was given up as a forlorn hope, the following letter was received with the Paris poſtmark:

"My dear Madame,

"It is not until the preſent moment that my health has allowed, or that I have been enabled to elude the vigilance of my unfeeling Argus, to comply with your kind requeſt, of hearing how I endured a journey to this city, commenced under circumſtances of ſuch extreme peril! Suffice it to ſay, that I am alive, though my feet have trembled on the brink of that grave in which in my caſe it would have been happy if I had been entombed! I intreat you will view with lenity a conduct that would be deemed indelicate in any woman not compelled by dire neceſſity; being forced to adopt it by a power againſt which there was no appeal, obliged to ſubmit to a decree ſhe could not reverſe. This will I truſt plead in my favour, for what muſt appear to you unnatural, the abandonment of my poor little

girl! My only comfort is derived from the conviction that in the humane hearts of Monsieur Luneville and yourself, her innocent helplessness will be her best recommendation. I am assured, in your affectionate attention, she will never miss that parent who has been compelled to delegate to others the care of the being it was her duty to protect and cherish.

"I risk every thing by writing this, therefore dare not solicit an answer, though to hear of my child and her protectress would give me infinite pleasure. A period may, and will, I flatter myself, arrive, when I shall again embrace my infant, and pour out my grateful thanks for your kindness. Until that eagerly wished for time arrives, think of me with as much charitable lenity as my strange behaviour will admit. Impress a sorrowing mother's kiss on the lips of her dear little cherub; and believe I am, with the highest consideration for your goodness, the worthy

"Monsieur and Madame Luneville's

"obliged and obedient servant,

"INCOGNITA."

This letter was highly gratifying to Madame, who deeming it was an added voucher of the birth of her little favourite, carefully deposited it with the bracelet and mantle, convinced, from the purport of the epistle, that at some future time her charge would be reclaimed.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME Luneville however herſelf inclined to keep the ſtrange manner of Chriſtabelle's birth a ſecret, found it was impoſſible to prevent its being promulgated by the ſervants of a garrulous nation, who whiſpered the wondrous circumſtances that had taken place at their maſter's, on the evening of the grand feſtival of *Corpus Chriſti.* The ſtory was ſpread with rapidity, and ſoon reached from the kitchen to the ſaloon. From ſexual curioſity no climate is exempt: it flouriſhes in every atmoſphere, and thrives by what it feeds on!

The goſſips of Rouen were only prototypes of thoſe idle, ignorant loungers, that are the ſcourge and the diſgrace of every hamlet, village, and provincial town in England! Women of this denomination, unable to derive amuſement or employment from looking into their own weak uncultivated minds, ſeek an envious grati-

fication in the attempt to level all intellectual acquirements to their own ſtandard! The *citoyennes* of Rouen, of the claſs we have deſcribed, ſwallowed with avidity this tale of myſtery, which, becauſe it was myſterious, they humanely determined to believe implied ſomething criminal. The worſt conſtructions were put upon thoſe actions for which they could not account.

Rumour blew her brazen trumpet, ſcandal's envenomed breath was inhaled by, and all the ireful paſſions rouzed of thoſe rigid matrons, who having paſſed through the two firſt ſtages of a Frenchwoman's life, coquetry and intrigue, had fallen into the ſear, the yellow leaf, and were now in the laſt ſtage, as decided devotees, doing penance for paſt follies! The young married dames were equally anxious to hear more of the romance of the night. To ſatisfy their eager curioſity, many ſent for Monſieur Luneville, to engage him in the capacity of accoucheur, whom he had never before attended, purpoſely to glean the marvellous adventures of the fair lady in the

black maſk, whom they reſolved ſhould be ſome princeſs in diſguiſe, and the handſome young knight her *cher ami*, who muſt have been the father of the poor abandoned infant, who they were convinced derived its birth from an illicit amour, the offspring of diſgraceful contumacy!

In vain Monſieur Luneville repeated in the correct language of truth the events ſimply as they had occurred, that had occaſioned ſo much converſation in the female *coteries* of the ancient city of Rouen. He was queſtioned, and croſs-examined by thoſe propagators of ſcandal, with all the ſubtilty and acumen of a Garrow; but they could extort nothing more from the witneſs than a repetition of mere matters of fact. His tormentors finding they could not induce him to fabricate a ſtory embelliſhed to their minds, undertook the taſk themſelves: thus, by adding, where they found a deficiency in the tale, and changing truth for fiction, by the aid of ſuch fabulous manœuvring, ſurpriſing alterations, and wonderful additions, they

ſucceeded in producing a very intereſting romance of an hour!

So much was the ſcenery changed by the wand of ſatire, that the aſtoniſhed doctor was propelled to exclaim to one of his verboſe patients, as ſhe rapidly recited it, "Surely, Madam, this cannot be the drama, in which I was obliged from the claims of humanity to act a conſpicuous part!" As nothing further occurred concerning the unknown parents of Chriſtabelle, to add celebrity to the ſtory of their own creation, its intereſt ceaſed, for want of fuel to feed the flame of ſlander, in the malignant breaſts of thoſe goſſips who are ever on the watch for ſomething new to gratify their vindictive ſpleen. The nine days wonder paſſed, the honeſt Lunevilles were left in quiet to foſter their young *protegée*, who was no more thought of than if nothing uncommon had attended her entrance into this mutable world.

Sorry are we to ſay this is no viſionary picture, no falſe repreſentation of our ſpecies, but a *true* delineation of the lovers of

ſatire, which aided by the amplification of falſehood is more deſtructive that a whirlwind, tearing and uprooting the happineſs of individuals, ſullying the purity of virtue by its mildew blight, ruining the peace of families, poiſoning tender affection, ſpreading jealous doubts in the boſom of domeſtic concord, by ſhaking that firm reliance, that truſting confidence in each other's honour, that is the ſolace, ſupport, and cement of matrimonial felicity!

Years rolled on, but in their progreſs no further accounts were received from the Incognita. The Lunevilles could not believe it was ever meant by the author of her being, to reclaim the child of their adoption, to whoſe ſociety accuſtomed, they did not wiſh to part. They doated on her with the affection of the moſt tender parents. She was beautiful in perſon, endowed with a tender heart, and manners the moſt faſcinating, gifted with a lively imagination, and a quick perception, that enabled her to acquire whatever ſhe was taught, with a promptitude that aſtoniſhed her inſtructors,

and charmed her benefactors. She was their fondled play-thing, the comfort and ſolace of their declining years.

On Chriſtabelle's fifth birth-day, the doctor drew upon the Paris banker for the hundred Louis he had been accuſtomed to receive for her uſe. His bills had been hitherto duly honoured. This was now returned in a letter ſignifying that the fund appropriated to anſwer Monſieur Luneville's drafts was exhauſted; ſhould it ever be repleniſhed, he might depend upon its being directly announced. The love he felt for his poor *protegée* was fixed on too firm a baſis for this pecuniary diſappointment to occaſion any difference in his conduct towards her, for whoſe deſerted ſtate alone he felt hurt. This real philanthropiſt from the period of her birth placed all the monies he received at intereſt; reſolved that it ſhould accumulate to aſſiſt her future ſettlement in life, having always feared, no inquiry being made after his charge, by her natural connexions in ſo long a lapſe of time, it

was their intention to abandon to ſtrangers the innocent victim of their vices.

As thus he revolved the cruelty of her fate, the young Chriſtabelle, unconſcious of his paſſing thoughts, ruſhed into the room to introduce her new doll; he ſtrained her to his worthy heart, kiſſing her forehead, he vowed never to forſake her; that he would ſupport and cheriſh her while life was lent him; ſhe ſhould be unto him as a daughter, determined that the ſum already ſaved ſhould remain unbroken for future contingencies, for he would at his own expence beſtow upon her a genteel education. This, to the honour of human nature, he faithfully performed.

The firſt misfortune Chriſtabelle was ſenſible of feeling, was the loſs of that maternal kindneſs ſhe had ever received from the good Madame Luneville, whoſe death from a paralytic ſtroke ſhe had to lament when ſhe became eight years old. The doctor was too fond of his little favourite, o leave her to the care of ſervants, and was conſcious he ſhould be prevented by

his profeſſional duties, which increaſed with his celebrity, from paying the attention to her morals and education, that as ſhe ad-vanced in years would be ſtill more neceſ-ſary. This determined him, though moſt unwillingly, to ſend her from him.

His election was made for a convent of the Poor Clares. This in the old *regime* was one of the moſt rigid orders in France, but he was acquainted with the Lady Abbeſs, who he was convinced would at-tend to her improvement. Monſieur Lune-ville conveyed her himſelf to this monaſtic ſecluſion: Chriſtabelle looked around her with fear and trembling. The lively play-ful ebullitions of her ſportive fancy were chilled by the long dark paſſages, the grated windows, the gloomy cells, and the ſombre dreſſes of the nuns!

"Where black melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe."

The diſmal habiliments of the *religieuſes*, compared with the gay apparel in which her

bonne mére delighted to drefs her little favourite, made her fhudder. It was now to be changed for the black cloth robe, only relieved by a crofs and beads, that appended from a white cord tied round the waift. This was the uniform worn by all the penfioners. When invefted with it fhe viewed herfelf with difguft. As fhe twifted the cord round her finger, fhe heaved a penfive figh of regret, excited by forrow for the dear friend fhe had loft, and her beloved *pére* Luneville, who was preparing to take leave. The large drops trembled on the long lafhes of her fparkling eyes, and bathed her burning cheeks. She looked the emblem of a drooping mofs rofe befprent with morning dew. As fhe threw her little arms around the neck of her only friend, he found how hard it was to part from the creature he had reared upon his knees from the eventful moment of her birth, but it was for her ultimate benefit; and he banifhed all felfifh propenfities, while he tore himfelf from her embraces.

The hours of evanefcent youth, the

ſpring-time of exiſtence, is not the ſeaſon of prolonged ſorrow. Chriſtabelle allowed herſelf to be comforted by the kind attention of her young companions, and ſhe ſoon became reconciled to the ſituation choſen by her protector. The tedium of monaſtic life was much relieved by frequent viſits from and to the houſe of her benefactor; whom, though ſhe called Father, ſhe had long known had no other claims to that title than thoſe of affectionate tenderneſs. Towards him her heart overflowed with ſenſations of gratitude and love: through his attention to her every want, ſhe had never miſſed a parent's care.

Monſieur Luneville, in compliance with the ſtranger's requeſt that Engliſh ſhould form a particular branch of her ſtudy, had cauſed her to be inſtructed in that language, from the period ſhe could underſtand the alphabet. The maſter who firſt taught her ſtill attended at the convent-parlour to give her leſſons. When ſhe was thirteen, theſe were accelerated through the aſſiſtance of a young Engliſh lady, who

became a boarder in the convent of Poor Clares; ſhe was ſeveral years older than Chriſtabelle; had received what is deemed a poliſhed education in a faſhionable eſtabliſhment in the environs of London, which her parent thought would be complete if ſhe gave a twelvemonth to acquiring a correct pronunciation of French: this was the ſtory told on her entering the monaſtery.

Harriet Ancram, from her firſt introduction to our heroine, paid her great attention: ſhe aided her acquirement of the Engliſh tongue, by teaching her to ſpeak it, which ſhe ſoon did with facility; by lending her books, and reading with her, the pupil ſoon became an adept, and was enabled to hold a converſation with the utmoſt fluency. There was no ſcience Chriſtabelle undertook to ſtudy in which ſhe did not ſucceed; Gifted with an underſtanding much ſuperior to her years, ſecluded from the world, ſhe had no temptation to waſte her time in frivolous purſuits, as we daily ſee young girls do, who are the ſpoiled inmates of the houſes of their too partial parents. Con-

vinced ſhe had but one friend to protect and ſupport her; that from his encreaſing years ſhe could not flatter herſelf with long retaining; that whenever that dreaded epocha arrived her dependence muſt be upon her own exertions, ſhe ſeduloufly devoted all her hours to the improvement of her mind, and the poliſhing of her manners.

The laſt ſhe was enabled to accompliſh from her conſtant intercourſe with her favourite Miſs Ancram, who was quite *au-fait* with the uſages of the world. That young lady had ran through the routine of a modern faſhionable education; ſhe had acquired ſhowy accompliſhments, and the crowd who look not beyond the ſurface, gave her credit for what ſhe did not poſſeſs. Her talents were not of the firſt water, nor was ſhe deep read in ſcientific lore: her learning was not profound. How ſhould it be ſo, where no time is given to digeſt the incongruous maſs by which the brain is oppreſſed, not enlightened? In the preſent ſyſtem of inſtruction, too much is attempted for almoſt any art to be properly acquired; of courſe Miſs An-

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Indians were a confiderable acquifition. Mifs Ancram had been too much an object of envy, by the admiration fhe always excited in public, to have any private friends among her own fex. The young viewed her as a formidable rival, while their more politic mammas, who were manœuvring to eftablifh their daughters, looked upon her with cold referve, as an impediment to their hopes! Her beauty and wit, aided by the large fortune it was fuppofed fhe would poffefs, whenever fhe appeared, drew off the attention of the beaus from thofe fimpering miffes with merely pretty faces, that were brought out affifted by Lanchefter's potent fpells, armed at all points for conqueft.

Though no man, that fhe thought of fufficient confequence to be accepted, had yet offered his hand to this gay belle, fhe kept her place in fociety, was the rage, followed and admired. To be feen in her box at the opera, to be her favoured partner at the ball, to form one of the liftening circle that crowded round her at a *converzatione*, to applaud the ebullitions

of her ſprightly ſallies, was the very acmé of faſhion, an eclat that all were eager to attain.

Before even the lax manners of the age we live in, would permit Miſs Ancram to emerge from home,

> —— "And bear about the mockery of woe,
> To midnight dances and the public ſhow,"

her father, with an inflamed countenance, burſt into her *boudoir*, threw himſelf upon an Ottoman, and without circumlocution or preparation, exclaimed that he was a ruined man; that he had juſt received a viſit from his ſteward, groaning under a load of unpaid bills. Compelled to look over his banker's account, he found he had overdrawn to no ſmall amount; that the Negroes on his eſtate at St. Domingo had choſen to proclaim themſelves free agents, had ſeized upon, dilapidated, burnt and deſtroyed his flouriſhing plantations and all their produce. "Thus aided by indulging your vanity, and your mother's

pride and extravagance, I am become a bankrupt even in hope!"

"Dear Sir, I am extremely ſhocked and ſurpriſed: in the ſtyle we have always lived, and which I never heard you condemn till this minute, I naturally ſuppoſed we did no more than you approved, and your fortune fully juſtified!"

"Ah! poor thing I am ſorry for your diſappointment: had you been well married I ſhould not have grieved ſo much at my misfortunes. Your mother knew well enough that we lived beyond our income, but ſhe would not conſent to retrench, ſaying, it would hinder your marrying greatly. I doubt it is all over now, the ſcandalous chronicles of the day will ſoon announce the downfall of my houſe. I might have held up my head again, if it had not been for thoſe d—d black dogs, that were raiſed into conſequence by thoſe philanthropic, whining members that have ſaid ſo much about their feelings, and ſenſibility, and ſuch ſtuff, and that liberty was the bleſſing of all colours; ſo they got the ſlave-trade abo-

liſhed; and the firſt uſe they made of their freedom was to raiſe the ſtandard of anarchy, and ruin their maſters!"

"Ah! my dear father, though we, and doubtleſs many others in the ſame predicament, whoſe fortunes depended upon the proſperity of the colonies, will be ſevere ſufferers, yet it is only enduring individual evil for general good. To give liberty to our fellow-men, from Afric's burning ſands to the frozen ocean, is a divine ſentiment, worthy a Britiſh ſenate!—Mercy is a godlike attribute, it warmed the boſom of the patriotic Fox; with holy zeal excited him to elicit the powers of his capacious mind, to exert his impreſſive eloquence in the cauſe of oppreſſed humanity. To carry this point, he was deterred by no hope of emolument, no fear of offence, no ambition for power: theſe were incapable of changing his reſolves. He oppoſed himſelf a bulwark againſt avarice, cruelty, and prejudice. With unwonted energy, he pleaded the cauſe of the helpleſs and the ignorant. Why ſhould the different tex-

ture of a ſkin ſubject them to perſecution, ſlavery, and death? In vain were the large majorities raiſed againſt the queſtion, nothing could turn his great ſoul, his ſuſceptible heart from its purpoſe; his philanthropic mind was determined on ſeeing juſtice done to the poor illiterate, deſpiſed, perſecuted, and enſlaved negroes, who had none to ſuccour them; and the prayers of thoſe who were ready to periſh ſhall aſcend for their deliverer, to the throne of the Omnipotent Creator of the univerſe!"

"Heyday, what means this wild oration of a heated brain: ſurely the girl is inſane, to be praiſing the author of a deed which robs her of her birth-right, and makes her father a beggar! Why, thou enthuſiaſtic fool, thou zealous bigot, learn, that freedom and liberty, that ſound ſo very fine, when deſcribed and commented upon by ſuch florid declaimers, as a Whitbread, a Sheridan, and a Fox, is a firebrand of diſcord, when entruſted to the ſwiniſh multitude! Theſe idols of the people, with all faſcinating attractions, preſto change their

form and nature: when placed in the hands of the weak and wicked, it becomes rapine, riot, and murder."

"You, dear Sir, are at this inſtant ſmarting under the puncture of recent wounds, or I am convinced, from the kindneſs of your nature, you would ſee the conduct of the legiſlators of Britain, who wiſh to remove the chains of ſlavery from ſo many of their fellow-creatures, in the ſame point of view that I do, who revere and worſhip the mountain goddeſs Liberty, and all thoſe who ſupport her cauſe, and rear her ſtandard!"

"Harriet, you have certainly been bit by a mad patriot: ſuch romantic nonſenſe was never yet heard. Time preſſes, I cannot conſent to waſte my precious moments in futile arguments to bring you to reaſon; I have only to requeſt you will deſcend from your heroic altitudes, and liſten to me on the ſubject of your future exiſtence. Your mother's fortune being ſettled upon you, my creditors cannot touch: it is at preſent all you can reckon upon to ſupport

that independence you ſo highly prize. You have often expreſſed a deſire to perfect yourſelf in the French language; under that excuſe you may viſit France, and place yourſelf as penſioner in a convent. In ſuch a retirement, the intereſt of your ſmall fortune will be an ample ſupport. I doubt not you will accede to this propoſal; for I give you more credit for a proper pride and ſpirit than to ſuppoſe for one moment, you will ſtop in this country to witneſs the wreck of your father's property, brought to the hammer of an auctioneer, his conduct arraigned, and his character expoſed to the inſolent ſneers and ſarcaſtic animadverſions of thoſe faſhionable leeches, that ſtuck to him while they could extract from the vitals of his proſperity any thing to feed their gluttony, or repleniſh their purſes! The ſource dried up which yielded them ſupport, you will behold theſe deſpicable reptiles drop off one by one: no longer enabled to batten in the rich *parterre* of opulence, to baſk in the ſunſhine of proſperity, theſe ſummer grubs,

gifted with wonderful prefcience at the approach of poverty, will difperfe before the ftorms of adverfity can annoy them, and we fhall be left unfheltered, and alone, to combat its fury!"

At this too juft reprefentation of modern friendfhip, the fine eyes of his mortified daughter were drowned in tears. She afked her heart, could human nature be fo degraded? Alas! for the honour of our fpecies, we fear the picture is too juft a delineation of what is denominated the great world, who ever worfhip the rifing fun!

Harriet Ancram, bafking in fplendour, with no wifh ungratified, had hitherto feen only the bright fide of the profpect: her fociety fought by nobility, courted, admired, followed, and flattered; fhe knew not that bafe ingratitude exifted; that no longer able to confer favours, the receivers would foon forget the benefit; that poverty would chill the friends of affluence, and convince her a reverfe of fortune would deprive her of all thofe attentions fhe had

been accuſtomed to receive: ſhe had yet to learn, that adverſity is a rugged nurſe; but thoſe ſhe foſters imbibe wiſdom, whoſe uſefulneſs cannot be too dearly purchaſed!

Mr. Ancram having enlightened his child's mind with the precepts of worldly knowledge, proceeded to explain his plans for the future. Theſe were to order every thing to be ſold at their houſe in Cavendiſh Square, and at his ſplendid ſeat in Surrey; his hounds, his horſes, his carriages were to be diſpoſed of; the ſums ariſing from their ſale he was certain would diſcharge all his debts, and leave a moiety for their immediate demands. To make an attempt to recover at leaſt a part of his property, his preſence would be neceſſary at St. Domingo; this would give a very feaſible excuſe for breaking up his eſtabliſhment in England. He meant to take France in his route, embarking for the colonies from Marſeilles, and leave his daughter in a convent to await his return to Europe.

To ſave the mortified feelings of his Harriet, this fabricated ſtory was widely

promulgated; but it was liftened to with fcepticifm, of courfe gained no credit with its hearers. Lynx-eyed fcandal hunted out the fact, but did not content itfelf with the recital, with joyful avidity proclaiming through all the unfeeling circles of fafhion, that old Ancram, the proud Weft Indian, was ruined paft redemption; there were executions in all his houfes; every thing feized for the benefit of his numerous creditors, even the jewels of the dafhing beauty; the auctions were advertifed; all to be brought to the hammer! The fuppofed rich heirefs thus become a beggar, would now be compelled to live by that wit, which fhe had always fought to difplay with fuch oftentatious parade.

Thus did the ftings of falfehood add bitternefs to misfortune. No diftrefs had been laid upon Mr. Ancram's property: it was difpofed of by his own orders; and every juft demand difcharged previous to his quitting Europe. Harriet gave a preference to Rouen, where her father had fome friends, rather than Paris, where fhe

would be more likely to be recognifed by thofe acquaintances of the more fortunate era of her life. From them fhe turned with difguft. Her father having made every arrangement for her comfort at the Poor Clares, fuch as apartments to herfelf, and a *Grizette* to attend upon her perfon, he prepared for his voyage to St. Domingo, in the forlorn hope that fomething might be gleaned from the wreck of his eftates: if not fuccefsful there, he meant to vifit Jamaica, where he had a fmall plantation; but unfortunately the bulk of his fortunes fprang from his dilapidated poffeffions in St. Domingo.

Harriet Ancram, though lapped in indulgence, and educated as a fine lady, had a good and feeling heart, which uninterrupted profperity had not indurated, of which our readers may form fome judgment from the fentiments fhe fo forcefully expreffed on the amelioration of the flave trade. She was an enthufiaftic admirer of liberty: her warm and vivid imagination was imbued by a love of freedom: her ideas were romantic;

and when heated by argument upon her favourite ſubject, ſhe would ſupport her opinion with jealous pertinacity againſt all oppoſition. When her only parent came to take his leave, her boſom was actuated with conflicting paſſions: he was become dearer to her by misfortune, that invariable touch-ſtone of the paſſions. In the enervating purſuit of pleaſure, the unceaſing routine of amuſements, her ſenſibility had found no time to expand: her affections rouſed, ſhe ſympathiſed in all his ſorrows; and dreading a ſeparation, ſolicited his permiſſion to ſhare his trouble, and ſooth his cares, by accompanying him on his voyage: this requeſt, while he ſhed parental tears of love upon her boſom, he peremptorily refuſed; aſſuring her that his only gratification aroſe from leaving her in perfect ſecurity, in a correct and peaceful retirement.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the departure of her parent, Mifs Ancram, left to the folemn ftillnefs of a cloiftered life, had full time to reflect on the viciffitudes fhe had experienced within a few fhort months. It certainly was a fevere trial, for a young woman not nineteen, who had lived till that period in fplendid luxury, her time devoted to a continual round of gay amufements, indulged in every extravagant wifh of her heart, torn at once from all thofe enjoyments, condemned to reflect upon her deprivations, immured within the folemn fanctuary of a cloifter, whofe impervious gloom no cheerful ray of mirth ever penetrated, to break the dull uniformity that marked each revolving day.

The conftant agitation her fpirits had been kept in fince her change of fortune, had not given her time to reflect upon her fallen greatnefs. In the quietude of her

ſombre apartment, ſhe had " room for meditation, even to madneſs," ſhe looked backward with regret, and forward without hope. To drag on an inert exiſtence with merely the means of procuring ſuſtenance, for ſo ſhe deemed the intereſt of five thouſand pounds, preſented miſery in its moſt appalling form to her warm and ardent imagination. To enable her to baniſh theſe thick-coming fancies, ſhe wiſely reſolved to apply to the only real reſource for ennui, active employment. Determined to try its efficacy, ſhe called upon thoſe evaneſcent accompliſhments that from the period ſhe left *Haut-ton Houſe* eſtabliſhment had been wholly neglected: ſhe ſought her drawing materials, painted landſcapes with green grounds and blue ſkies; ſet up her embroidery frame; rattled over the keys of her piano, and ſang *petit chanſons* to her harp. When wearied by theſe avocations ſhe would deſcend and mix in the ſociety of the other penſioners. Among theſe ſhe was ſtruck with the charming expreſſive countenance of Chriſtabelle, and the faſci-

nating *naivcté* of her lively converfation. She felected her as the companion of her rambles through the umbrageous walks of the garden, gave her a general invitation after the hours of ftudy to vifit her apartments, where, having a well chofen collection of Englifh books, fhe might acquire a knowledge of that language, and the hiftory of a country, that fhe feemed fo anxious to underftand.

Mr. Ancram, confcious the great change in his daughter's fituation would render her very miferable, fought to fupply her with amufement, by prefenting her with a library, compofed of the beft authors. He earneftly recommended them to her perufal, affured fhe would derive both pleafure and improvement. Refolved to follow his advice, each paffing day brought a conviction of its utility; and fhe forgot not in her orifons to pray for the provident donor of fuch an ineftimable gift, that enlightened her underftanding, expanded her imagination, and amended her heart by the know-

ledge they inculcated, and the leſſons of wiſdom they conveyed!

She was faſcinated by her new and delightful employment. The long iſles and fretted roofs of the convent were no longer contemplated with ſighs. Until incloſed within its gates, of the charms of literature ſhe was not competent to judge; for, in the true ſenſe of the word, ſhe had never read before! Of hiſtory, ancient or modern, ſhe knew nothing, but the ſmall portion ſhe was compelled to run through in her ſchool leſſons, and repeat by rote after a young teacher who twirls round the terreſtrial globe with little more knowledge of the geography of the earth than her inattentive yawning pupil! From the faſhionable ſeminary, where Miſs Ancram imbibed the mutilated ſciences, by ſcraps and ſhreds, ſhe was, at the improvident age of fifteen, removed to the houſe of her parents, where a new ſcene opened on her view. In the buſtle of preparation for the diſſipations of the night, the morning was conſumed in driving to milliners, dreſs-makers, and

and jewellers, that ſhe might be enabled to rival her compeers in folly, faſhion, and extravagance. Nor was Harriet Ancram ſingular; for theſe momentous concerns employ almoſt the whole time of a modern miſs, who complains, with apparent grief, that ſhe can hardly find half an hour to devote to receiving a leſſon from the dear delightful Cramer, who plays divinely. He compliments her on having a rapid finger, and talks of ſtudy and ſedulous practiſing as not to be diſpenſed with by thoſe who mean to make a progreſs in muſic; but that is impoſſible to be expected from one who has ſuch multifarious employments, for the ſhort time ſhe can ſteal from engagements that increaſe daily after ſhe is once *brought out;* ſhe is therefore compelled to neglect all the ſciences, ſhe ſtudied before that charming era; indeed there are two acquirements that cannot be diſpenſed with, ſhe muſt dance like Pariſot! and ſing like Billington!

We return with pleaſure to our heroine, though we deemed it neceſſary to give a

ſketch of Miſs Ancram's hiſtory, becauſe we hope from tracing the viciſſitudes of her life, and the uſages of the world on her changing fortunes, to impreſs on the minds of our youthful readers that inſtruction it has ever been our ambition to inculcate. As this lady will take an active part on the ſcene, we felt it incumbent to enter minutely into her character, that the motives for her future actions may be better underſtood.

The warm heart of Chriſtabelle became ſo ſtrongly attached to her Engliſh friend, that ſhe reckoned every moment a blank, that was not paſſed in her ſociety. By the love of goſſiping, that is carried to a great length in a convent, Miſs Ancram had early been acquainted with the ſtory of the little foundling, and the unnatural deſertion of her cruel parents. This rouſed all the enthuſiaſm of her nature, and increaſed her fondneſs for the object of ſuch a romantic tale. She viewed her as the offspring of ſome potent princeſs whom all-powerful love had rendered frail, and ambition for a

time condemned to hide in obſcurity the fruits of illicit paſſion.

Convinced her young favourite would one day be reclaimed by great and powerful parents, ſhe reſolved to prepare her to act with propriety in an exalted ſituation. To compaſs this ſhe ſeduloufly employed herſelf for her improvement; and what ſhe knew, ſhe took a pleaſure in imparting to the attentive Chriſtabelle, whoſe capacious mind, quick comprehenſion, and eagerneſs to acquire knowledge, made her taſk eaſy, and her labour light. Studious, perſevering, induſtrious, and anxious to obtain inſtruction, ſhe ſoon acquired celebrity from an intuitive perception of whatever ſhe was taught. She poſſeſſed a natural genius that elicited itſelf when the road to improvement was pointed out by her friend. Thus Chriſtabelle, moſt ſupremely gifted with intellectual powers, drank deep of the Caſtalian ſtream, in which her mentor had been content to only ſlake her thirſt. The film of ignorance removed, ſhe ſoon perceived, if ſhe aſpired to excelling, ſhe had yet much

to learn. Harriet allowed this, candidly confeſſing a faſhionable education had not enabled her to teach any thing ſyſtematically!

Monſieur Luneville, in his frequent viſits to the convent, beheld with delight his adored Chriſtabelle increaſing in beauty and wiſdom. He felt moſt grateful for the flattering notice taken of her by Miſs Ancram, and her unremitting attention to the improvement of her mind and manners. Perceiving the goodneſs of the foil, he reſolved it ſhould not want cultivation, from any parſimonious reſtrictions. Having conſulted Miſs Ancram upon the ſubject, ſhe earneſtly recommended the employing proper maſters to aid the progreſs of his *protegée*, in reaching that ſummit of learning, ſhe evidently was capable of attaining.

It is well aſcertained, that an accompliſhed education can in France be procured for a quarter of the expence it may be had in our opulent iſland, where inſtructors are not eſtimated by their merits, but by the celebrity they have obtained in the world of

fashion. Sanctioned by the fantastic goddess, they make for their attendance the most exhorbitant demands, which are complied with, that their vain employers may boast of the vast sums that are lavished on the acquirements of their daughters. Alas! could our more provident progenitors look out of their mausoleums, and witness the mad folly of their extravagant descendants, would they not doubt the fact, if informed those self-dubbed professors, that condescend to instruct their great grand children in the sciences of dancing, singing, and music, are placed upon an equality with the learned sons of Esculapius; that like our physicians they take no fee less than a guinea, as a remuneration for a lesson of forty-five minutes by a stop-watch! *O tempora, O mores!*

Masters in every department were ordered by her generous protector; and the delighted and grateful Christabelle exerted her abilities to do credit to their instructions, and her ardent aspirations to acquire knowledge were crowned with success. Thus

with the friends, time glided imperceptibly away; no longer annoyed by that worſt foe to man idleneſs, ennui was baniſhed their breaſts; ſportive mirth kept not her court in the ſombre confines of their dreary abode; though not buoyant in ſpirit they were neither querulous, nor miſerable. They frequently paſſed the heavy gates to viſit their acquaintances in Rouen, when after mixing in the cheerful haunts of men, they returned to purſue their ſtudies, without regretting the pleaſures they left behind.

Miſs Ancram, whoſe eyes were opened on the deficiencies of a modern education, reſolved to devote thoſe hours ſhe could now command to the acquiſition of ſomething more ſolid than mere faſhionable accompliſhments; thus determined, ſhe employed thoſe maſters under whoſe inſtruction her young friend was making ſo rapid a progreſs toward perfection, and together they trod the delightful paths of ſcience. Chriſtabelle, from conſtantly hearing the comments of Harriet on the inexplicable ſtory of her birth, and her avowal

of the conviction that ſhe was undoubtedly a ſcion ſprung from no common ſtock, felt inclined to believe the idea muſt be correct, of her progenitor's conſequence in life. Hitherto ſhe had paid little attention to her forlorn ſituation: never, by the unremitted kindneſs of the good Luneville, had ſhe experienced the want of paternal protection. Her thoughts ſeldom reverted to the authors of her being; but as culture expanded her imagination, thoſe paſſions that were to give animation to her character elicited themſelves in a pride of heart, a greatneſs of ſoul, and a dignity of ſentiment, that incontrovertibly proved ſhe owed not her exiſtence to a plebeian original.

In the ſolitude of her cell, ſhe pondered over the ſtrangeneſs of her ſituation. A new ſenſation had taken poſſeſſion of her mind: the phantom once conjured up, it could not be laid. In vain ſhe called to her aid ſenſe, reaſon, and religion, to baniſh the fiend deſpair, that filled her boſom: ſhe felt the world that offered ſuch various enjoyments

to thofe favoured with its fmiles, was to her a cheerlefs void, and herfelf a blank in creation. Though her fick fancy engendered thefe appalling images, yet fhe arraigned not the conduct of thofe who had excited them. Her beautiful eyes would fill with tears, and as fhe preffed to her throbbing bofom, the crucifix that appended from her neck, on her knees fhe prayed with zealous fervour to the Son of the bleffed Mary, who yielded to the power of death, that repentant finners might live for ever; that the cruelty of her parents defertion of their unoffending child might never be vifited upon them, here, nor hereafter! But if they yet furvived, that fhe might *once* be enfolded in their arms, and receive their bleffing, before fhe was tranflated to his everlafting kingdom.

Thus, with pious tendernefs did this young creature offer up fupplications for the pardon of thofe who had fhewn for her neither love, pity, nor mercy, but had thrown her, unaliened, unprotected, on the commiferating kindnefs of ftrangers. Thefe

cruel relatives would not reclaim her: on what ſpot of the globe was ſhe to ſeek them; how aſcertain her conſanguinity; when found, how excite their tenderneſs, or demand their protection? Should her beloved *père* Luneville, though his was a green old age, yet bending beneath the weight of years, be taken from her, ſhould ſhe not be left alone to ſtem the torrent of adverſity? A creature, weak, frail, and unſupported, was ſhe equal to combating the temptations, artifices, and deceptions of a bad world, whoſe uſages ſhe knew only in theory?

Theſe juſt but appalling reflexions having once taken poſſeſſion of her mind, they preyed upon her ſpirits, unconſciouſly ſapped the ſpring of vitality, and corroded her heart. Sleep fled from her hard pallet, her eyes were languid, and her cheek paled by carking care. Thus the once gay, animated Chriſtabelle, immerſed in mournful cogitations, became a prey to ſilent ſorrow. This viſible alteration in her appearance

could not eſcape the keen glances of her friend: by her it was beheld with aſtoniſhment, and ſincere grief. She intreated her by their mutual affection, that her boſom might be made the depoſitary of ſuch unuſual dejection. It was long before ſhe could be prevailed upon to name the ſource of her miſery: ſhe feared it would appear ungrateful to utter any complaints againſt her deſtiny, ſo nurtured, foſtered, and ſupported as ſhe had hitherto been with more than parental kindneſs, by one of the beſt of created beings.

After a ſevere ſtruggle, drowned in tears, ſhe threw herſelf into the arms of her friend, and in a voice inarticulate with ſobs, exclaimed, "Can you, dear Harriet, wonder that I am miſerable, when you reflect, that I am a wretched outcaſt, dependant from my birth for the very means of exiſtence upon the charity of a ſtranger, not knowing at his death how I am to procure a future ſupport? An alien to ſociety, unacknowledged by the beings who gave

me life, — a life that promiſes nothing to its poſſeſſor, but mortification, poverty, and miſery!"

"In theſe querulous complaints, I recogniſe not the ſtrong mind of my ſenſible Chriſtabelle: I am ſhocked to ſee ſuch vapouriſh phantaſma miſleading your powerful underſtanding. You have hitherto filled, with a charming equanimity of temper, the ſituation in which you have been placed by Providence: it has always ſupported you, and be aſſured will continue to do ſo, therefore never deſpair: you cannot do ſo, for it would elicit the utmoſt ingratitude to the ineſtimable Monſieur Luneville, who has reared you with the utmoſt care. Raiſed and ſupported by his bounty, depend upon his affection, it would be criminal to doubt it; therefore, while he is ſpared to your prayers, you will never want a protector. I muſt confeſs, that I feel mortified you give me no credit for a ſincere attachment; believe in me you have a firm friend, the ſmall remnant of whoſe fortune you ſhall always ſhare. Alas! for

both our ſakes, I deplore that I have not that ſplendid eſtabliſhment to make you a partaker of, that I had once in the houſe of my father; but while I have a cottage, depend upon it you ſhall never want a home!"

"Believe, my beloved Harriet, my heart is ſo deeply impreſſed by the truths you have uttered, that I never have, never can forget, for one moment, the innumerable benefits I have received from my reſpected *pére* Luneville; but I muſt make the ſad reflection, that in the courſe of a very few years he will be called from this earth, to meet in heaven a reward for all the good he has beſtowed on the poor little foundling thrown upon his mercy. When he is no more, who then will feel for the wretched Chriſtabelle but yourſelf, the choſen friend of my ſoul, the kind inſtructreſs of my youth. You have claims upon your time and fortune ſuperior to thoſe of friendſhip; your father may ſend for you to Jamaica, for ſo his laſt letters hinted. Deprived of my only hope, alone and unprotected, I

must repeat, What resource can I find in a world to which I am wholly a stranger?"

"We will allow for a moment the worst fears verified, that your jaundiced imagination presupposes; are you not supereminently gifted with a most brilliant genius? Is not your mind richly stored with learning? Have not your talents received all the aids of cultivation, embellished by the most fashionable accomplishments? Surely a being so highly favoured by nature, so improved by art, can always render herself independent, by instructing her own sex that are not equally fortunate."

"Your arguments, my partial friend, appear feasible in theory, but, I doubt, could not be reduced to practice; your plan might be an easy task to any other young woman, but who will receive a nameless creature under their protection, who has none to recommend her to their notice, to make themselves amenable for the rectitude of her conduct, the strength of her understanding, or the goodness of her heart! You will, therefore, forgive a determina-

tion extorted from me by neceſſity. I have revolved over the paſt, preſent, and to come of my ſad life, and it has brought the conviction, that there is but one ſafe and proper ſtep for me to purſue, which is never to leave the quietude of theſe holy walls, but to dedicate myſelf to the ſervice of God, take the veil, and as a nun in the pious ſiſterhood of Poor Clares, offer myſelf as an expiation for the ſins of thoſe to whom I owe my ill-fated exiſtence!"

Harriet, well acquainted with the firmneſs of her friend's character, ſhuddered at the avowal of her intentions, convinced, if the gratitude ſhe owed her benefactor was not pourtrayed in a ſtrong light, and oppoſed to her outraged feelings, this fair viſionary could not be moved from a determination ſhe had taken up on principle. Her heart new to ſorrow, her boſom chilled by a retroſpective view of the neglect of thoſe on whom ſhe had claims for ſupport and protection, ſhe ſaw rather than ſubject herſelf to receive the mortifying taunts of contemptuous proſperity, her wounded

pride would, in the enthuſiaſm of the moment, devote a life to religious ſecluſion that was by nature and cultivation endowed with powers to charm and enlighten an admiring world.

After having uſed every argument that friendſhip could deviſe to induce her to relinquiſh her purpoſe, without any efficacy, ſhe retired to her own apartment, and wrote to the worthy Luneville, recapitulating the dialogue that had juſt paſſed, requeſting he would ſend for Chriſtabelle, and exert his influence to convince her, that placing the deference ſhe owed to his opinion entirely out of the queſtion, there was a ſuperior duty to fulfil, which ſhe owed her parents, who might yet be living, without whoſe conſent ſhe had no power to diſpoſe of herſelf, and that even a religious call could not diſpenſe with this obligation. She was committed to his care by them, who, when a neceſſity for ſecrecy ceaſed, might under happier auſpices demand their child; that the ſtrong ſenſe ſhe entertained of their claims upon her piety, would bring

the conviction that ſhe could not diſpoſe of herſelf without their conſent and approbation. Miſs Ancram proceeded to obſerve, this argument was the only one likely to have any effect: its cogency, ſhe flattered herſelf, would ſucceed, when urged by him whom ſhe loved, revered, and honoured as a father.

This letter was peruſed with aſtoniſhment by Monſieur Luneville, who heard with ſincere ſorrow the unfortunate bias the ardent mind of his beloved *protegée* had taken, whom he directly ſent for to his own reſidence. She was accompanied by her anxious friend, whoſe ſenſible advice was followed, and ſtrenuouſly enforced by the prayers, intreaties, and even tears of the good old man. She could not withſtand theſe powerful pleaders, but yielded her opinion to their united ſolicitations, ſacredly promiſing that ſhe would forego her inclination for the ſafe and peaceful ſecluſion a convent offered, and conſent to devote her future life to uſefulneſs, as it was recommended to her by thoſe whoſe diſapproba-

tion of her conduct would add a pungent pang of misery to a bosom already too severely oppressed. Having carried this point so near their hearts, she was folded alternately to their bosoms, with a rapturous joy, that communicated a warmth to her own, that had long felt the chill of despondency.

CHAPTER IV.

MONSIEUR LUNEVILLE who had through a long life made the human heart his ſtudy, was convinced that the ardent mind of ſo ſenſible a young woman, eager to improve her mental powers, and graſping at all thoſe acquirements that could enable her to excel her compeers, would not of herſelf have ſo changed her ideas, and ſuddenly adopted the unnatural reſolution of taking the veil, and burying in monaſtic gloom thoſe fine talents, ſhe was once ambitious of exhibiting. He perceived that undue advantage had been taken of the rectitude of her principles, the romance of her ſituation, and the enthuſiaſm of her character, to turn them to their purpoſe, by ſome of thoſe bigotted *religieuſes*, whoſe zeal for making converts is proverbial. He was aſſured the holy ſiſterhood would glory in perſuading ſo immaculate a creature to quit the ſinful temptations of the world, and devote her-

ſelf to the ſervice of God. The pious nun, whoſe impreſſive eloquence ſhould ſucceed in ſnatching a ſoul from the fangs of Satan, would, for gaining ſuch a convert, expect the reward of canonization!

Being ſatisfied he had traced the cauſe of Chriſtabelle's aberrations, he determined upon her quitting the convent immediately, and that ſhe ſhould become an inmate of that houſe where ſhe firſt opened her eyes on light and life. This was a proper and correct aſylum; for ſoon after ſhe became a penſioner at the Poor Clares, he had placed at the head of his domeſtic eſtabliſhment the widow of his younger brother, who had been an *avocat* in the ſupreme court of judicature, and had died poor, having improvidently lived to the very extent of his income, leaving a wife and one daughter wholly unprovided for. As ſoon as their ſituation was made known to the eſtimable Monſieur Luneville, he brought them to his houſe, where they were treated with reſpect, kindneſs, and a ſedulous attention, that was well calcu-

lated to make them forget their dependent ſituation.

The new arrangements made for his *protegée* occaſioned a ſevere diſappointment to the inmates of the convent, of whoſe ſiniſter intentions he had formed a very correct idea. Theſe politic recluſes had reckoned, that by making ſuch a proſelyte to monaſtic ſecluſion, they ſhould add honour to the church, celebrity to the community, and gratify their avarice, expecting to receive as a douceur the five hundred Louis originally intended for the education of Chriſtabelle. This ſum had nearly doubled itſelf; and the doctor always avowed it ſhould be hers, without any deduction. To gain thoſe important points, the wary Lady Abbeſs had for ſome time paſt paid the young penſioner the moſt ſeducing attentions, while, under the ſemblance of tender commiſeration for her forlorn ſituation, ſhe failed not to paint in the moſt terrific ſhape, and diſmal colours, the mortifications and inſults ſhe would be ſubjected to endure, if thrown upon a mercileſs world without a

fortune to purchaſe reſpect, or a noble protector to give her conſequence; ſhe would be ſtigmatiſed by the crimes of her parents, be degraded and ſhunned; this to a young creature of her high ſpirit would be inſufferable, but every impending evil would be avoided by entering within the pale of their ſacred ſanctuary. By conſenting to become the ſpouſe of God, ſhe would inſure content, peace, and happineſs on earth, and in heaven joy everlaſting!

These leſſons conſtantly inſtilled into her mind, by the ſubtle *ſuperieure*, aided the ſenſations excited by pondering over her deſerted ſtate, and impreſſed her ſo forcibly with the neceſſity of taking the veil, that, after many natural ſtruggles between a wiſh to diſplay the acquirements ſhe had ſtudiouſly laboured to attain, and the deſire to ſhun obloquy and contempt, pride conquered vanity, and ſhe determined on putting it beyond her power to retract, however ſtrongly tempted, by purſuing the path pointed out by religion. This occaſioned

her avowal to her friend of becoming a nun.

The Lady Abbeſs felt ſatisfied that the force of her arguments had convinced her diſciple, who was taken in the ſnare. Juſt as ſhe was ſinging Te Deum for victory, that her plauſible perſuaſions had enabled the ſpirit to conquer the fleſh, ſhe was ſummoned from her oratory, to receive the viſit of Monſieur Luneville, who ſaid he came to thank her for all the attention ſhe had beſtowed on Chriſtabelle, to pay her penſion, and announce that ſhe would return that evening to take leave of her, and bid farewell to her young aſſociates, as he meant in future ſhe ſhould reſide in his houſe as a companion to his ſiſter, and niece. While he thus conciſely explained his views, his aſtoniſhed auditreſs was ſtruck dumb with ſurpriſe, anger flaſhed from her little black eyes, while with a malignant ſpleen, ſhe reminded him of his great age, pourtraying all the horrors he muſt expect would befal his favourite, when he ſhould be called hence to give an account of the

truſt that had been committed to him; when too late he would be doomed to find, to have diſcharged it properly he ſhould have dedicated a being, whom no one acknowledged, on whom the world had no claims, to the ſervice of her Creator!

To this harangue, whoſe acrimonious tenour convinced him his conjectures were correct, and the ſacrifice of his poor girl was decided upon, he made no reply. He wiſhed not to irritate to further paſſion this avowed diſciple of a meek maſter, he therefore, bowing with the politeſſe of a French gentleman of the old *regime*, retired from the preſence of the enraged abbeſs, who had no means left of revenge for her diſappointment, but by inſulting its object, when ſhe arrived to pay her devoirs. She ſent her confidential nun to forbid her appearing in her preſence, and to ſay that ſhe was a loſt ſoul, whom ſhe abandoned to the devices of her depraved heart, who had broken the compact made to her Maker. This meſſage from the *ſuperieure*, whom Chriſtabelle thought

fo ftrongly attached to her perfon, that fhe trufted to convince by recapitulating the arguments ufed to prove it was a duty fhe owed the protector of her infancy, to let him be the guide of her conduct in youth. Thus anathematifed and fpurned, fhe felt fhe was treated with unjuft cruelty, and unmerited contempt. It roufed a fpirit of refentment, and enabled her to fubdue the forrow that filled her bofom: confcious innocence and innate rectitude always offer a healing balm for the wounds inflicted by unjuft calumny!

The mind of Chriftabelle was naturally ftrong, but it was depreffed by her late ftruggles, and weakened by the fuperftitious terrors, that are always imbibed by females educated in convents, who are taught to give credence to the miracles faid to be performed by "legions of faints, that never yet had being, or being ne'er were faints." Surrounded by the mummery of relics, and the impofing paraphernalia of the Catholic religion, had fhe not been taken from the monaftery by the prompt

decifion of Monfieur Luneville, all that nature and art had done for her would have been loft to that world fhe was deftined to adorn. Beauty, fenfe, and wit would, through the artful *fuperieure's* hypocrify, avarice, and blind zeal, have been buried in the gloom of a cloifter.

The infulted feelings of our heroine could not recover the fhock the meffage of the abbefs had compelled her to endure. Revolving over the years that were paft, with a heavy heart, fhe flowly meafured back her fteps to the refidence of her protector. No flattering hope of buoyant pleafure exhilirated her fpirits on her entrance into the buftle of life. She fighed for the quietude fhe had quitted. A fad prefentiment of troubles that fhe was fated to contend with, through an eventful exiftence, impreffed her fancy with dire images of evil. She fhuddered with difmay, on turning back her eyes on the maffy gates of the convent, that were clofed upon her for ever: tears bedewed her cheeks, and fobs of regret agitated her bofom. She feared the vatici-

nations of the indignant priorefs would be fully verified; that ſhe ſhould be puniſhed by her heavenly father, for breaking thoſe promiſes ſhe had breathed upon his altars, from a falſe ſenſe of the duty ſhe owed her earthly parents.

As ſhe croſſed the bridge of boats, that divides the ſuburbs of Rouen from the city, immerſed in profound cogitation on her ſad deſtiny, ſhe perceived not it was opened to let a veſſel paſs through, but proceeded onward without lifting her eyes from the ground; in another inſtant ſhe muſt have been precipitated into the river, had ſhe not been ſnatched from the brink of the chaſm by a gentleman whoſe curioſity had drawn him to the ſpot to examine the mechaniſm of the works. She was unconſcious of her danger, till rouſed from her reverie by the ſcreams of the bye-ſtanders, when ſhe found herſelf in the arms of an elegant young man, of a moſt prepoſſeſſing appearance, whoſe dreſs announced him to be Engliſh. He bleſſed his fortunate ſtars, for permitting him the hap-

pineſs of ſaving a life that muſt be ſo precious to her relatives. Diſengaging herſelf from his embrace, in tremulous accents ſhe poured forth her gratitude to her preſerver; ſaid, that immerſed in thought ſhe reflected not upon the inſecure paſſage of the bridge, having been taught to ſuppoſe it was never uncloſed for veſſels but at the early dawn of day. While ſhe was apologiſing for her inattention, and waiting till they could proceed with ſafety, two other gentlemen joined her companion.

Unaccuſtomed to walk alone in the ſtreets, when Chriſtabelle quitted the Poor Clares, ſhe enveloped her whole perſon, in a long thick veil, that precluded her eſcort from catching the ſlighteſt glance of her face; but they were faſcinated by the elegance of her figure, and charmed by the ſoft cadence of her mellifluous voice. Theſe half-concealed beauties made a more powerful impreſſion in her favour than if her charms had been diſplayed in all their ſplendour. They felt the truth of the

poet's aſſertion. We will quote the lines alluded to, as a uſeful hint to the faſhionable nudes of the days we live in:

"Give but a glimpſe, and fancy draws,
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was,
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was made for fancy's aid,
Which ever more delighted dwells,
On what the baſhful nymph conceals."

The gentleman who had ſnatched her from death, was accoſted by his friends as Lord Everſley: they ſpoke to him in Engliſh, on the ſuppoſition they ſhould not be underſtood by ſo young a Frenchwoman. By one, he was rallied unmercifully on his adventurous atchievement: he ſaid he ought to be dubbed knight of the bridge, having ſaved from the embraces of a river god the fair lady of the impervious veil. Comprehending all this badinage, Chriſtabelle wiſhed to eſcape from her companions, but knew not how to do ſo, without appearing ungrateful, as they expreſſed their intentions of ſeeing her ſafe to her reſidence. She whiſpered to herſelf, this is a perplexed

ſcene in my firſt *début* on the ſtage of life: I fear the auguries of the abbeſs will be too truly fulfilled ere the curtain drops. What am I to do with theſe men? If I permit them to attend me home, the cold and rigid Madame Luneville will either condemn me for preſumption, or arraign me for ignorance of propriety. Shocked as thoſe ideas paſſed rapidly through her mind, ſhe made an effect to ſhake off her attendants.

This was not eaſily accompliſhed; their *politeſſe*, or their curioſity, made them perſiſt in their deſign. Chriſtabelle proceeded to croſs the quay, with ſlow and lingering ſteps, when, to her extreme joy, ſhe perceived at a ſmall diſtance her dear *pére* Luneville. Darting forward like Atalanta, ſhe threw herſelf into his arms: her bounding heart convulſed with pleaſure at his opportune appearance; its pulſations ceaſed to beat, and ſhe loſt all ſenſation. Alarmed without being able to account for her ſituation, ſhe was by him carried into a ſhop, and volatiles being procured, her ſenſes were ſoon reſtored. The companions of

her promenade were Engliſhmen making the tour of France, Italy, and Germany. When ſhe flew from their protection, they followed; and having introduced themſelves to Monſieur Luneville, Lord Everſley acquainted him with the danger the young lady had ſo narrowly eſcaped; that himſelf and friends had felt it incumbent on them to attend her home; that upon ſeeing him ſhe had ruſhed forward, and they ſuppoſed the agitation her ſpirits had undergone muſt have occaſioned the ſituation that he ſincerely grieved to hear ſhe was reduced to.

His terrified auditor heard this account of his darling's narrow eſcape, with troubling agitation. He breathed a fervent prayer to the Virgin for her preſervation; and his heart overflowed with gratitude to Lord Everſley, whom he thanked in appropriate language. This converſation paſſed in the outer apartment, Chriſtabelle had been taken to the parlour; thither the doctor was now ſummoned by the good dame, who had been very attentive to the recovery of her fair gueſt. Our countrymen perceiving

that their company could be difpenfed with, felt that politenefs obliged them to make their bows. The trio took leave, mortified at not being able to catch a glimpfe of that face whofe figure and manner had fo interefted them. Their curiofity was fo ftrongly excited, they refolved to ftop long enough in Rouen to fatisfy it, not doubting to gain intelligence who the fair Incognita was, and in what relationfhip fhe ftood to the old gentleman who appeared fo ftrongly interefted in her late danger. For this they meant to apply to the garrulous *marchande des modes*, from whofe evident love of hearing herfelf talk, they augured all the information they were fo eager to obtain. This young French demoifelle had made an impreffion upon the whole party, even of more potency than curiofity. Having marked the houfe, determined to return on the morrow, they proceeded to the *Hotel de Londres*, to talk over the adventure of the evening, and toaft in bumpers of Bungundy, The lady of the impenetrable veil!

Chriftabelle being perfectly reftored to

convalefcence, and perceiving the Englifh-men had left the houfe, returned under the care of her protector, who had, with his accuftomed attention to her comfort, ordered two rooms to be appropriated to her feparate ufe. There her books, drawing utenfils, and mufical inftruments, were already depofited, that fhe might, without intrufion, purfue her ftudies. As they walked home, he acquainted her with this arrangement. She could not find words to thank him for his unwearied kindnefs. As fhe leant upon his arm, fhe preffed it to her grateful heart. Arrived at his habitation, he introduced her to its inmates, recommending her to the tender attention of his fifter and niece; fpeaking of her merits, and his affection for this child of his benevolence, in terms fo flattering that brought tears of gratitude into the bright eyes of his *protegée.*

This warm panegyric was a moft bitter potion for his indignant relatives to fwallow. A frigid coldnefs marked her formal reception. Madame Luneville was repellant and haughty, while the pert, conceited *mignonne*

her idolized daughter, ſcarcely deigned to honour her by a look of recognition, taking care never to addreſs any part of her diſcourſe to ſo inconſequent a perſonage as the object of her uncle's charity; yet in this unacknowledged being, whom ſhe pretended to overlook, ſhe dreaded to find a powerful rival, which the proud *mignonne* in ſecret envied for that beauty, talents, and accompliſhments that ſhe was compelled in her heart to allow, ſhe ſupereminently poſſeſſed; though reſolved to loſe no opportunity to depreciate her perſon, and deſtroy her reputation for wiſdom, whenever ſhe was praiſed for either in her preſence. Her boſom overflowing with envy, that ever malignant paſſion, that deforms our nature, ſhe retired for the night to the performance of her pious exerciſes, to count her beads, and repeat by rote a ſet number of Pater Noſters, and Ave Marias! By ſuch votaries is religion profaned: its attributes are meekneſs, humility, faith, and charity. It is not by prayers performed as a *taſk*, that we can hope to render ourſelves acceptable

to Omnipotence. We muſt worſhip him in ſpirit, and in truth, who has ſaid, "Come to me, all ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt."

Madame Luneville viewed Chriſtabelle as an object that ſtood between her beloved daughter and the affection of her uncle, who, doating as he evidently did upon this child of chance, would, it was more than probable, rob his niece of a greater part of that fortune that ought to be wholly devoted to her eſtabliſhment. She could not behold with apathetic phlegm his accumulated wealth given to enrich a conceited vagrant, foiſted on his charity by artful and abandoned parents. She was too wary to ſhew her ſpleen towards the object of his affection in his preſence; but when the duties of his profeſſion occaſioned his abſence, which was frequently for whole days together, this woman availed herſelf of the opportunity of making the object of her jealouſy feel the full force of her malignant diſpoſition!

Madame Luneville, ungrateful for nu-

merous benefits received, forgot ſhe was ſnatched by fraternal affection from all the horrors of poverty, to baſk in the ſunſhine of proſperity; her boſom, filled with envy, malice, and all uncharitableneſs, was always talking at the unhappy Chriſtabelle, by ſneers, and ſarcaſtical inuendoes, the meaning of which could not be miſunderſtood by the victim of her perſecution; ever arraigning the extreme folly of ſetting girls, by an expenſive education, above the ſituation they were fated to fill in ſociety; the injuſtice of buoying them up with falſe conſequence, that could only be ſupported by the wealth which belonged to their legitimate relations. This malignant woman, reſolved to rid the houſe of Chriſtabelle, exerted herſelf to render her home ſo diſagreeable to her, that, young and ardent, ſhe might be tempted to commit ſome indiſcretion, to avoid her inſulting tormentors.

Her ſyſtem was well calculated to inſure ſucceſs with the many, though the few gifted with callous nerves, might eſcape

the ſnare. It is an indiſputable fact, that of all the miſeries poor erring mortals are doomed to ſuffer through life's pilgrimage, *domeſtic evils* are the *worſt*, the moſt painful to endure, becauſe from them there is neither reſpite nor eſcape. Conſtant irritation will in time deſtroy the moſt amiable diſpoſition, depreſs with gloom the moſt cheerful temper, and obdurate the tendereſt heart. Condemned like Ixion daily to turn the wheel of oppreſſion, for which hope offers no alleviation to the wretched culprit, when encompaſſed by worldly troubles, the Chriſtian is reſigned, he derives patience from religion, and fortitude from philoſophy! Suppoſe the plagues of Pandora's box ſhould be poured upon his devoted head, their ſource ſpringing from *abroad*, their virulence may be ſoftened by the force of reaſon, and ultimately conquered by ſteady perſeverance, but for thoſe vexations that are generated at *home*, there is no remedy; we therefore ſeriouſly recommend to our young readers of each ſex, when they viſit the temple of Hymen, that in their

different departments, for it is equally incumbent on *both parties*, to make *domeſtic* comfort their firſt ſtudy! A family happy in themſelves, however they may be aſſailed by the ſtorms of adverſe fortune from *without*, when the tempeſt howls around their dwelling, threatening its inhabitants with devaſtating ruin, ſecure of calm *within*, they are not diſcomfitted, deſponding, forlorn, nor wretched, but rich in confiding friendſhip, truſting confidence, and mutual affection, feel the joys of *dulce domum*, as a ſovereign antidote againſt all worldly miſfortunes!

Many days had not elapſed, when Chriſtabelle's perſpicacity enabled her to perceive that ſhe was a moſt unwelcome gueſt to the inmates of her guardian's houſe. This conviction made her very miſerable; but ſhe generouſly reſolved to bear her lot with patient reſignation, to give utterance to no complaints that could vex his good heart, and render rugged the down-hill path of a life that it was her duty to ſmooth. She was aſſured from Monſieur Luneville's in-

creafing affection, that by pourtraying the conduct of her enemies, fhe could effentially injure, in his opinion, thofe ungrateful relatives, that wholly depended upon his bounty for fupport. To know her perfecutors were in her power deterred her from ufing that power to their difadvantage! They depended on what they denominated her romantic fenfe of honour, for their fecurity!

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE we again introduce our English travellers, that the motives for their conduct may be properly underſtood, we will give a ſketch of their connections, families, and characters. With a due attention to heraldic honours, we will commence our biography with the father of Lord Everſley, who was ſecond ſon to the Marquis of Aronville. He was deſtined for the army, to acquire fame by martial prowefs. Lord Frederic poſſeſſed a fine figure, a handſome face, and was thought by the ladies irreſiſtible. His manners were engaging, his mind ardent, his paſſions ſtrong, and his heart warm. He was a general admirer of beauty, but had never experienced the pangs of hopeleſs love: he roved from fair to fair, avowing that younger brothers could not afford to marry. The regiment of guards in which he had a commiſſion, was ordered on ſervice, and with the high

ſpirit of his anceſtors, he prepared with alacrity to obey the ſummons.

This arrangement was ſtrongly oppoſed by his grand aunt Lady Daub, whoſe favourite he was. She ſent for his father, informed him, when ſhe conſented to his ſon's putting on a red coat, it was only becauſe it ſet off his handſome perſon to the beſt advantage; that ſhe had no idea that he would be ſent abroad to be ſhot at for a few ſhillings a-day, like poor devils whom nobody knew, who did very well to ſtop a gap in the creation: if they were killed off, the world would never miſs them! She was therefore reſolved he ſhould not go; it was nonſenſe to talk of his ſerving his country, by riſking his life: he would do that more effectually by a ſeat in St. Stephen's; by ſtrengthening the hands of government, and throwing his make-weight vote into the ſcale to aſſiſt the miniſtry!

"But how is all this to be accompliſhed," inquired the half-yielding Marquis; "Your Ladyſhip is not unacquainted with the pro-

fuſe expenditure of his brother, which is a continued drain upon my purſe?"

"Only conſent, that he ſhall either exchange to remain in England, or diſpoſe of his commiſſion to ſome fighting Drawcanſir, and I will find the means to perform what I have propoſed. I know at this moment a little city heireſs, wholly at her own diſpoſal, with a fortune of a hundred thouſand pounds, who is dying for love of the divine fellow! She was in the Lord Chamberlain's box on the laſt birth-day, and was ſtruck through the heart by his graceful minuet. All this I have been made acquainted with through the garrulous information of the match-making Mrs. Edridge. She acquainted me with this predilection in my nephew's favour; and in pretty plain terms ſaid, that he might command her wealth, if he would conſent to take her perſon into the bargain."

"I muſt allow the bait is tempting; but doth Your Ladyſhip think nothing of the degradation ſuch an alliance would be to a family that, ſince the Conqueſt, have never

chofen a wife out of the pale of nobility? No,—I can never confent to commix its pure blood with the puddle of trade, and jumble coronets and fugar-hogfheads in one heterogeneous mafs; nor do I believe that Frederic will ever be induced to quit honourable warfare, by which he would acquire fame, to debafe himfelf by fuch a choice. I cannot give it credence; but why fhould I amplify upon the fubject: it is moft probably the mere rumour of a goffipping woman, whofe hobby it is to be a matrimonial negociator."

"It is moft true, Marquis, that our anceftors have hitherto kept their heraldic honours immaculate; but give me leave to afk, if there has been no defalcation in the rent-roll, that muft be its fupport in future? I fhrink from the contamination of a plebeian alliance with as much difguft as yourfelf; but it is a ftubborn fact, that pride and prejudice muft yield to imperious circumftances! Frederic is a portionlefs younger fon, to whom a love-fick mifs offers that wealth which will make him rich

and powerful. I will not therefore ſuppoſe him ſo blind to his own intereſt, and the potent pleaſures money will procure its poſſeſſor, to make any objection to Miſs Sugar Cane and her Plum! As to the lady's accepting his offered hand, I have no doubts; well aſſured her ambaſſadreſs is veſted with full powers to ſettle the momentous concern."

"To your ſcheme, my wants, but not my will, conſent. To your Ladyſhip I leave the management of the buſineſs, and if your rhetoric has power to prevail with Frederic, I will promiſe not to throw any oppoſition in the way of your plan, though nothing can baniſh my repugnance to a trader's daughter forming a part of my family.—Good Heavens! ſuppoſe for an inſtant, the hope of my houſe, Lord Everſley, ſhould, by a premature death, be gathered to his fathers, the marquiſate of Aronville would in time devolve to the grandſon of a negro driver, a Weſt India planter! I ſhudder at the bare idea."

"We will ſuppoſe the worſt your fertile imagination has conjured up, to fright you from your purpoſe, the dreaded diſgrace would be leſſened by participation, you would be borne out by the example of your peers, who, from the ſame motives, prudently purſue the like conduct! The improvident noble who has exhauſted his finances in expenſive, luxuriant gratifications, turns his thoughts on matrimony to prop his fallen fortunes! Where is he to ſeek a wife? Not in his own rank; they have waſted their patrimonial acres, by the ſame means that have made him poor, conſequently could give no portions to their high-bred daughters. He is, therefore, compelled to leave his anceſtorial dignity at St. James's, and ſeek in the ſound of Bow bell, a rich help-mate. The good city of London is the great mart of commercial ſpeculation, the focus of inordinate wealth; there father Thames, like the Pactolian ſtream of yore, rolls his golden waves, bearing upon his boſom veſſels of all nations, freighted with the produce of every climate,

from the frozen regions of the North, and the burning ſhores of Hindoſtan! It is this that enables what you ſo contemptuouſly denominate traders, to purchaſe conſequence and titles for their offspring, by matching them with the hereditary nobleſſe of the kingdom, who ſoon diſperſe in a thouſand ways the hoards accumulated by commercial ſpeculations and parſimonious induſtry!"

The Marquis having patiently heard her to an end, took his leave, all his arguments being exhauſted, without being able to turn his aunt from the purpoſe on which her heart appeared firmly ſet; for Lord Frederic ſhe felt much affection, and wiſhed to conſult his intereſt in this union; but ſhe did not looſe ſight of her *own*, it having been hinted to her Ladyſhip by the uſeful Mrs. Edridge, who well knew the gaming propenſities of her friend always kept her neceſſitous, that the day her nephew married Miſs Sugar Cane, her card purſe would be repleniſhed by a douceur of a thouſand guineas! Thus her ardent zeal

for promoting a hafty match with the great city heirefs will be eafily accounted for. Having drawn an unwilling confent from the haughty Marquis, fhe loft no time in trying her powers of argument to convince Lord Frederic, that the poft of honour was a private ftation, and that to be rich and happy, he had nothing to do but to marry. He was at firft indignant at the propofal, then liftened as fhe amplified on the joys money would procure, with fomething like a wifh to be convinced of the cogency of her reafons; promifed to give them a night's confideration: waited upon Lady Daub the next morning; declared his determination to do Mifs Sugar Cane the honour of accepting her hundred thoufand pounds, if fhe was neither old nor ugly!

Thus, all the contracting parties being agreed, Lady Daub gave a grand affembly, for which Mifs Sugar Cane and her confidante, Mrs. Edridge, received cards. The former appeared glittering in gold muflin, and loaded with diamonds. Her Ladyfhip was moft condefcendingly attentive, intro-

duced Lord Frederic, who was very graciously received; and, on finding his intended was a pretty little brunette, with fine eyes, and white teeth, appeared well satisfied with her person, laid himself out to please, and the lady retired ten times more in love than ever!

On the following morning, his Lordship paid his devoirs to his future bride at her own residence: when lovers perfectly understand each other, delays are unnecessary; the lawyers were employed, and Lady Daub, whose taste was consulted in all the arrangements, set every wheel in motion that was to furnish the paraphernalia of a modern wedding. The splendid appointments being compleated, they were married by special licence, at the Marquis of Aronville's house, in Grosvenor Square, and immediately after the ceremony set off to exhaust the honeymoon, at the family mansion in Wiltshire.

From this union of love and interest, sprang Lord Eversley, whom we have just introduced as snatching from a watery grave our fair heroine. Lady Frederic was not

fated to enjoy long her dear-bought honours, having died in giving birth to her ſon. A few years after that event, to the extreme grief of the Marquis of Aronville, the pride of his heart, the hope of his houſe, Lord Everſley, to whom he looked for the ſupport of his noble ſtock, had a quarrel at a noted gaming-houſe in Pall Mall, with an Iriſh adventurer, famous for his uncommon luck, having ſtudied all the chances to a nicety! His Lordſhip much heated at loſing a large ſum, accuſed his antagoniſt of playing with loaded dice; they were cut on the inſtant, and the aſſertion proved falſe. This produced a challenge from the choleric Mileſian, who had frequently boaſted that he could ſnuff a candle with his pet piſtols! As he appeared to be the injured party, his defiance was accepted; they met in Hyde Park, on the following morning, and his Lordſhip was at the firſt diſcharge ſhot through the head. The mortification felt by the peer, equalled his ſorrow for the death of his firſt born, for now his worſt fears would be realized, his prophecies veri-

fied, for he ſaw in perſpective, a planter of ſugar canes grandſon in the future Marquis of Aronville!

So meekly had ſhe borne her honours, Lord Everſley was a ſincere mourner for the death of his wife, was very fond of his child, and felt none of that repugnance to his Weſt India connexions, that falſe pride engendered in the breaſt of his haughty ſire. Though the young and handſome widower, poſſeſſing a ſplendid fortune, and a marquiſate in expectance, might have ſelected any lady without fear of refuſal, yet he ſhowed no inclination to enter a ſecond time the Temple of Hymen, to the great diſappointment of the daughters, and the mortification of their ambitious mammas. When his ſon was five years old, accompanied by an excellent tutor, he retired with him to the family manſion, where, from being a votary of gaiety and pleaſure, he became a ſedentary recluſe, devoting himſelf entirely to his education.

The Marquis pined away ſeveral years, always regretting, that he had given the

ſanction of his conſent to Lord Frederic's degrading union with Miſs Sugar Cane, to which even the elegant perſon, and promiſing mind of his grandſon, could not reconcile him. Upon his father's death, the Marquis of Aronville, called to the Upper Houſe, deemed it incumbent on him to emerge from his retirement, and take an active part in that government, that his wiſdom might counſel, and his conſequence ſupport.

Thus he was ſituated, when, at twenty-one, Lord Everſley, whoſe heart was filled with rectitude, generoſity, and honour, his mind replete with wiſdom, learned without pedantry, ſerious without gravity, and dignified without pride; educated in ſequeſtration, conſtantly accuſtomed in his youth to the ſociety of his parent, who, for ſome reaſon not accounted for, mixed little with the world, his Lordſhip had fortunately eſcaped its contaminating example. Of what is called life, he was wholly ignorant, until after the return of the Marquis to London. At that period, his character

had taken its bent, and his ideas of the right and the proper were too fixed to be lured into the vortex of faſhionable frivolity and deſtructive diſſipation, by the advice of his noble contemporaries! His mind placid, his temper good, and his addreſs poliſhed: he was no rigid cenſor of the age we live in, nor refuſed to partake of its rational diverſions, though his greateſt amuſement was derived from the improving his underſtanding. Hitherto his information had ariſen from books; he now wiſhed to ſtudy men. To effectually do this, he prevailed on the Marquis to conſent, that he ſhould travel into thoſe countries, whoſe orators, poets, law-givers, patriots, heroes, and philoſophers, had, in peruſing their characters, and admiring their actions, warmed his heart with a glowing enthuſiaſm and ardent deſire to emulate ſuch bright examples. With thoſe praiſe-worthy intentions, Lord Everſley made his *débût* on the great theatre of active life!

His *Compagnon du Voyage* was a perfect contraſt to his cool, correct, judicious, rea-

foning friend. Sir Everard Ardent was handfome, lively, fenfible, and animated; "brimful of fpirit and debate," warmed with a romantic zeal for the caufe of liberty all over the world; he was anxioufly defirous to vifit Paris, whofe inhabitants in 1789, had recently levelled to the ground the Baftile, that monument of overweening power, that dreaded receptacle of the wretched, whofe ponderous walls had frowned deftruction on all thofe condemned to pafs beneath its horrid battlements. Entombed within its fecret cells, in impervious imprifonment, how many innocent victims have been immolated to fatisfy private malice, vaulting ambition, or tyrannic defpotifm? He was eager to behold a country that had fo long groaned under the galling yoke of flavery, making a bold effort to emancipate itfelf from unjuft thraldom.—He wifhed to contemplate the French character in a new point of view, at the moment they were juft emerging from the darknefs of defpotifm, uniting in a determined and energetic ftruggle to obtain that

freedom, from the enjoyment of which they had been for ages precluded by the cruelty, policy, and ambition of their *grand monarques!*

Sir Everard Ardent, by the premature death of an elder brother, became poſſeſſed of the ancient title and large poſſeſſions of his progenitors, before his judgment was ſufficiently mature to give ſtability to his character! Hence his frequent aberrations from the paths of prudence; he ever meant to take that which led to rectitude, but from a vacillation of youthful ideas, he frequently wandered into the mazes of error! Gifted with a vivid imagination, and a heart that overflowed with the milk of human kindneſs, he was always to be found in St. Stephen's, pleading the cauſe of the oppreſſed, however exalted by power or riches the oppreſſor; he acknowledged the claims his fellow men had to his exertions, his protection, and his ſupport, however low their rank in the ſcale of exiſtence! To ameliorate their misfortunes,

his arguments were powerful, his eloquence perſuaſive, and his deductions juſt!

That a mind, ſo warmly imbued with a love of juſtice, a ſpirit of freedom, ſhould become ſo ſtrenuous an advocate for the liberty of the ſubject, can excite no wonder; nor that his darling paſſion ſhould ſometimes ſubject cool reaſon to her controul, and lay him open to the impoſition of the artful and deſigning, will create no ſurpriſe! His ſenſitive feelings, his exacerbated paſſions, his irritable temper, and his quick ſenſe of honour, that theſe ſhould occaſion him to become the dupe of the wary and the wicked, will elicit no aſtoniſhment! Miſled by bad adviſers, he frequently fell into the net ſet to enmeſh him; his candour laid him open to the machinations of his enemies, in his zealous endeavours for the good of his ſpecies; he too incautiouſly gave thoſe to whom his principles were obnoxious, a triumph in his defeat.

Thus, his moſt praiſe-worthy intentions,

for the benefit of the *whole*, were circumvented by the oppofition of a *few* interefted individuals. Though we wifh to give fuch uncommon pretenfions to the approval of the world, its full force, and due merit, yet we are not blind to thofe fpots in the character of Sir Everard Ardent, that throw a cloud over his brilliant qualities, and fometimes defeat his beft intentions. We mean not to delineate a perfect monfter, but a fallible creature, fubject to miftake, liable to error, whofe heart was always right, though his head was fometimes wrong! The worthy baronet heard with delight of his friend, Lord Everfley's, intended continental tour, and propofed to accompany him, his bofom throbbing with all the chivalric romance of a true knight, he longed to break a lance in the caufe of Gallic liberty!

We have now to fpeak of a very different character from thofe whofe perfonifications we have attempted. Hector Sarcafm, who was the third perfon of this trio, was the only fon of an honeft man, who had accu-

mulated a ſmall independence by bodily exertions; he had the fooliſh ambition, of too many miſguided parents, of wiſhing to make his doating piece a gentleman, without being able to leave him the means of ſupporting the character! To accompliſh this deſideratum, he was ſent to a public ſchool, where too inattentive to ſtudy, he could not become learned, but he contrived to glean a ſmattering of education, which he made ſerve in its ſtead! His bold manners, his aſſumption of wit, and his ſatirical powers, that he equally exerted againſt friend and foe, ſtood him in the ſtead of better talents! By the aſſiſtance of theſe, he managed to mix with the great, to live by their follies, perſuading them he was a very clever fellow, a *bon vivant*, an author of celebrity, and a critic of ſuperlative judgment, againſt whoſe *dictum* there was no appeal! This was the character he impoſed upon the world; his real one will be better underſtood in the definition given by Dr. Johnſon of the late Lord Cheſterfield, "that he was a wit among lords,

and a lord among wits." Soon after he had freed himſelf from the trammels of ſcholaſtic durance, his father died, leaving him the whole of the provident gleanings of many years. This was but a trifle to Mr. Sarcaſm, who reſolved to partake of all the pleaſures of the gay metropolis. He was conſcious his ſmall patrimony would ſoon be diſſipated, yet he ſhrank from the degradation of increaſing it by trade, nor could he conſent to waſte his youth, and dim the luſtre of his talents by plodding on in the drudgery of a profeſſional employment.

" Seeking the gratification of paſſion, idle and luxurious, he determined to enjoy the good things of this life, without labour, and without trouble. How was this to be attained? He concluded it might be effected by laying out his acquirements to the beſt poſſible advantage, by making himſelf an agreeable companion to young men of faſhion and fortune, that by rendering himſelf neceſſary to their amuſements, he would become a partaker of thoſe pleaſures, and

that ſociety to which his contracted finances forbid him to aſpire! Indefatigable in his exertions to put his promiſing plan in train, he procured an introduction to the ſelect coteries of demi-ſpinſters, toniſh wives, and daſhing dowagers! Convinced that once received by theſe, he ſhould ſoon be honoured by the notice of the gay, frivolous young men of faſhion, whom idleneſs, inclination, or a love of notoriety lured to their parties! To the preſiding deities of thoſe midnight orgies, his uſefulneſs was ſoon apparent; flattered by his poetical puffs of themſelves, and gratified by his ſatirical attacks upon their rivals, he contrived to render himſelf a moſt deſirable gueſt to his lady patroneſſes!

Thus by being always well dreſſed, ſtudying the humours of his company, and managing his verſatile talents to add to their amuſement, Mr. Sarcaſm was very ſoon received into the houſes of the great, upon the moſt familiar footing. No ſplendid *fête*, maſquerade, or ball was given for which he did not receive a ticket; he was the princi-

pal *buffo* of thofe diverfions, and where mirth and laughter were to give a zeft to the feaft, his company could not be difpenfed with! He had found the art of rendering himfelf neceffary, was therefore always welcome. He made the human mind his ftudy, how he might beft turn its follies and vices to his own advantage; he perceived the majority are governed more by *fear* than *love*, he therefore adopted the former as his rule of conduct, though where he faw it was his intereft, he could be pliant as the bending reed; would permit his Right Honourable affociates to flatter themfelves he was quizzed by them, while he foon convinced the diverted company, that thofe fapient nobles, were the objects of his moft bitter ridicule, and the hoaxed not the hoaxers in this unequal conflict!

In this degrading commerce paffed away feveral years of Mr. Sarcafm's early life, when he was condemned to perceive that in defpite of all his efforts, his quality-acquaintance began to grow tired of hearing the fame *bon mots*, laughing at the fame puns,

and yawned over ſtories too often repeated to any longer gratify their hearers! To keep up an impoſing appearance he had been compelled to draw ſo largely on his ſmall fortune, that it was now in a rapid decline, and his ſempſtreſs, tailor, and bootmaker, became clamorous in their demands. In the zenith of his power he had been too inſolent to make a friend, and now was fated to find his ſyſtem erroneous, and that it is better to conciliate men's minds by love, than exacerbate them by fear!

At this mortifying moment of dire diſtreſs, it occurred to him that he had heard the Marquis of Aronville wiſhed for a well-educated young gentleman, to accompany his ſon Lord Everſley, in a tour he propoſed making through France, Italy, and Germany; not under the almoſt exploded character of a travelling tutor, but as a ſenſible, lively, rational companion, who poſſeſſing an intelligent mind would aſſiſt his Lordſhip's inquiries into the arts, laws, policy, and uſages of thoſe countries he meant to viſit, with a

view of expanding his ideas, and ſtrengthening his judgement.

Mr. Sarcaſm having convinced himſelf that he was poſſeſſed of all the requiſites expected by the Marquis, was deterred by no modeſt diffidence, no repelling doubts of his eventful ſucceſs. This charlatan of literature boldly preſented himſelf at Aronville Houſe, and with an aſſured countenance, and a cool compoſure united to manners the moſt impoſing, he introduced himſelf, as ambitious of the honor of accompanying Lord Everſley on his intended tour. For his character, conduct, and capability to perform the taſk, he was deſirous of undertaking, he referred the Marquis to ſeveral families of conſequence, whoſe paſt follies had laid them open to his animadverſions, and had ſubjected them to his reign of terror! On their *fears* for the future, he depended for ſupport on the preſent occaſion.

His Lordſhip ſo ſeldom mixed with the young and frivolous, that even the perſon of his viſitor was unknown to him; of his purſuits and diſpoſition he knew nothing.

His appearance was genteel, and his addreſs pleaſing: he ſpoke of his abilities with ſuch an aſſured air, and ſo much cool confidence, that his hearer had no doubt they would bear the teſt of inquiry. He therefore told him that when he had conſulted with his friends, and converſed with his ſon upon the ſubject, he might depend on being made acquainted with his determination.

With a profound bow, Hector departed, proudly exulting in the hope that his ſcheme would take effect, and he be enabled to travel pleaſantly at free coſt, beſides receiving a handſome remuneration, for ſuch the Marquis had announced it his intention to beſtow on the gentleman that Lord Everſley ſhould ſelect for his companion. Then he might boaſt on his return from his continental tour, of all the wonders he had beheld, the ſuperb palaces he had viſited, and ſpeak in raptures of the *principeſſa's*, *ducheſſa's*, and *conteſſa's* to whoſe *ruelles* he had been a welcome gueſt; dear angels, whom his perſon had charmed, and his wit delighted! Thus, like the Perſian glaſſinan, his prolific

fancy brought before his mental viſion, thoſe ſplendid images of future grandeur, that were to be his reward in other countries, for all the mortifications and rebuffs, that his ill-natured ſarcaſms upon individuals, had condemned him to endure in England!

His ſpirits in alt, he flew to his firm friend, the Dowager Counteſs of Ever-bloom, to unfold his deſigns, aſk her aſſiſtance, and to pray her to throw all her *weight* into the ſcale; then every other pretender muſt kick the beam! She promiſed all he requeſted, being one of his votariſts that he had ſubdued by fear: there was nothing ſhe ſo ardently wiſhed as to ſee her ſcourge baniſhed from Britain, convinced that with his abſence, the reign of terror would terminate. On reflecting a moment ſhe thus addreſſed him:

"Upon my good word you may depend; but, you ſatirical devil, whoſe wicked wit is always making you enemies, how will you contrive to ſoften the heart and ſubdue the wrath of our modern Ninon, the death dealing Daub? who is as eager

to make conquefts at feventy, as fhe was at feventeen! Know you not this charmer of the laft century, is aunt to the Marquis of Aronville, and when made acquainted with your prefent hopes, will exert all her oratorical powers to prevent your being chofen bear-leader to her grand nephew. I am certain fhe has made a folemn vow never to forgive that moft provoking paragraph that appeared in the Morning Poft, which fhe traced to you as its author by feeing the compofitor."

"Curfe the fquib that has occafioned fo much fire! I have forgot all about it, without it was that one which regretted that amid the numerous inventions to renew the appearance of youth, and hide the dilapidations of age made by that inexorable tyrant Time, nothing had yet been found out to reillume the expiring brilliance of the once bright eyes of the Dowager Lady D——b, that had fparkled with intelligent paffion, promifing to the votaries of pleafure all the enjoyments of fenfe. Thofe

orbs, alas! now ſunk and rayleſs, are ſad mementos of mortal beauty!"

"No, you ill-natured creature, that's not the *one* I allude to; but as I was aſtoniſhingly amuſed and diverted by its poignant ridicule, it left ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my memory, I think it will enable me to repeat it verbatim. Thus then runs the anecdote:—"A moſt provoking accident occurred the other night at the Honourable Mrs. Trembletone's aſſembly; where the dowager Lady D——b was accuſed by the Ducheſs of Daſhall with ſecreting Pam in her muff, for purpoſes moſt nefarious; thus publicly attacked, and her little *fineſſe* expoſed to her antagoniſts, the exuberance of her reſentment conquered prudence, for by diſtorting her features in a violent fit of paſſion, ſhe had the terrible misfortune to crack her newly enamelled face, even from the forehead to the chin! The gaping chaſm produced by ſuch a devaſtation, her countenance exhibited ſo truly ludicrous an appearance, that the anger of the company was changed into mirth, and con-

vulſive peals of laughter ſhook the gothic dome even to its centre!"

"Her Ladyſhip's diſmay was a ſcene of triumph to her more fortunate contemporaries. Thoſe who only plaiſtered with pearl powder, veritable, and vegetable rouge, enjoyed the Dowager's mortification, and hugged themſelves in the conviction, that though their reparations of decaying beauty would not ſtand a *rub*, it could not fall off, and ſhow the naked *truth!* While her dear friends exulted in her diſtreſs, its object, fearful the divided maſk would drop on the floor, and give her invidious tormentors a full view of that face, ſhe had not herſelf *ſeen* for twenty years, drew haſtily over her head, the goſſimary veil that floated on her ſhoulders, and ruſhed out of the room, purſued in her retreat by the *good natured* Mr. Sarcaſm, whoſe philanthropic diſpoſition is proverbial; feeling for her forlorn and deſerted ſituation, he inſiſted on putting her into her chair, aſſuring her in a whiſper heard by all the grinning party-coloured attendants

in the hall, that he would return, and carefully collect all the fragments of enamel that could be found, and lay them on her toilet the next morning, where he trusted a little *cement* would set all to rights again!"

"This is a d——d provoking business at an eventful moment. Let me think what can I do, to make my peace with the dear old Daub! Oh, crown me with laurels, I have it! I will go directly to that vile printer's devil, offer him his choice of five guineas or a sound drubbing to rectify the mischief he has made; oblige him to write a note to the dowey, beg her pardon for the imposition he had practised, say I was not the author of the paragraph; that he had been bribed by my arch enemy Slash'em to lay it at my door, that her ladyship's might be closed against me for ever!

"This important point gained, which I shall certainly accomplish, either through fear or interest, I will then wait upon the dear Daub, deliver those credentials that announce my innocence, present as a peace-

offering a ſonnet on her beautiful teeth, compare them to oriental pearl, and the lips that enviouſly cover them from the admiration of her admirers, to the roſes of Perſia! The more hyperbolical and inflated the compliments, like high ſeaſoned diſhes they will be eaſieſt of digeſtion. You need not ſhake your head, I ſhall not commit myſelf this time, for

"She ſwears, they are hers, and true ſhe ſwears,
For I know where ſhe bought them."

I called laſt week at Dumergue's, whom I employ by the *year* to keep mine in order, when he ſhowed me a new ſet of ſnow white grinders, that to prevent accidents were to faſten with patent gold ſprings, that he was ſending home to ornament the mouth of the dear Dowey!"

The Counteſs of Everbloom had run the race of youth and wit with the dear Daub, as ſhe always deſignated her beloved friend; to the beauty and elegance of *form*, once poſſeſſed by that friend, ſhe never had any

pretenſions, therefore had always through a long life envied her the power derived from ſuperior charms. As in the natural, as well as the vegetable world, the fineſt flowers are known to fade the ſooneſt, with ſuperlative joy ſhe beheld Lady Daub ſummoning to her aid every ſpecies of ſcientific art to retain thoſe evaneſcent charms, that an exiſtence devoted to diſſipated pleaſure had ſentenced to a premature decay!

This rivalſhip for conqueſt, this aſpiration after ſway, continued when the power of ſubjugating their votaries to their dominion had long ceaſed with *both* the dowagers! The Counteſs enjoyed with malicious pleaſure the ſatire when its ſtings were pointed at her friend, but trembled when the ſtroke was aimed at her own foibles; ſhe therefore praiſed the acuteneſs of his wit, the poignancy of his sarcaſms, gave him full credence for his fertile invention, and wiſhed ſucceſs to his well planned ſcheme! He departed to put it in execution, and ſhe waddled to her toilet, to hide her ſilver grey treſſes with a flaxen wig, curls *flotant*, that

were to dispute with Nature for pre-eminence, if we may credit the assertion of that scientific weaver of hair, Monsieur Beaumont of New Bond Street! Having retouched her face with the rouge puff, and wreathed her wrinkled front with never-dying roses, well pleased she viewed herself in the reflecting mirror, and smiled approval, as she bid old Time defiance!

Hector had lost no time in putting his delectable plan into execution: having purchased his exculpation, and written his verses, he prepared to wait upon Lady Daub. He gained admittance to her boudoir by the aid of that metallic charm, that makes all the doors in the kingdom fly open at its touch, even from the palace to the cottage! While her ladyship was all astonishment at his intrusion, having set his features to a plaintive tune, gracefully bending one knee to the ground, he presented to her the printer's letter, exculpating him from being the author of the scandalous paragraph that had with so much justice excited her indignation. He

laid the ſonnet upon her lap, and awaited his ſentence.

Her ladyſhip peruſed *both*,—the ſonnet with eager avidity. Highly flattered by the efforts of his muſe, ſhe was in too good a temper to doubt the truth of the fabricated epiſtle. He was ordered to ariſe from his humble poſture by the delighted dowager, who, as a token of his being reſtored to favour, preſented him her boney hand, which in the exhilarating joy of ſucceſs he kiſſed with an enthuſiaſtic ardour that reanimated its frozen veins: ſhe forgave his raptures, placing it to the account of her ever blooming charms!

Like her old contemporary, the Counteſs, ſhe felt a thrill of pleaſure run through her frozen heart, at the idea of getting rid of the ever-dreaded Hector, who, in deſpite of his preſent flattering attentions, ſhe was convinced had made her the but of his ridicule, having often ſmarted under the laſh of his ſatire. He made her acquainted with his deſire of accompanying her nephew on his travels; ſhe fell into his ſcheme with the utmoſt eagerneſs, and offered to go directly to

Lord Aronville's, and recommend him to his particular notice. Having poured out his gratitude to his fair patroneſs in language the moſt inflated, he obſerved he had already done himſelf the honour of waiting upon the Marquis, and her good word in his favour and approbation of his talents was all that was wanted to enſure him ſucceſs!

Lady Daub drove to her nephew's, when all her oratorical powers were exerted to promote the cauſe ſhe had undertaken. The reſult was an invitation to Mr. Sarcaſm to breakfaſt at Aronville Houſe the following morning, when he was introduced to Lord Everſley, and every neceſſary arrangement made to the entire ſatisfaction of his '*Compagnon du Voyage*;' the Marquis propoſing to preſent him 400*l.* a-year, while he accompanied his ſon, leaving it with himſelf for a remuneration in future to depend upon what his ſubſequent conduct ſhould merit. Having now given the characters of our travellers at *home*, we will proceed to trace their conduct *abroad*.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCORDING to their over-night intentions, the morning after the adventure of the bridge, the trio proceeded to make their threatened viſit to Madame Tyranneau, the talkative *marchande des modes*; from whom, having purchaſed at an exorbitant price ſome pieces of lace, as preſents for their friends in England, they led the diſcourſe to the accident of the laſt evening, inquiring if the young lady recovered the conſequences of her fright before ſhe left her houſe. Mr. Sarcaſm aſked if the old gentleman was her grandfather, if he was rich, and whether Mademoiſelle's face was as beautiful as her figure promiſed. Theſe leading queſtions were ſufficient to produce an anſwer from the garrulous Frenchwoman, fraught with all the intelligence they were ſo eager to attain.

Madame commenced her harangue by pouring forth the moſt voluble compliments

on the polite attention of *Milord Angloiſes*, who ſhe aſſerted were the beſt bred and moſt generous cavaliers in the univerſe. Having received their united thanks for the honour conferred upon their countrymen, ſhe proceeded to ſatisfy their curioſity by a diffuſe account of the romantic birth of Chriſtabelle, heightening her tale with all the exaggerations we have before repreſented it to have been embelliſhed by the prolific fancy of the good goſſips of Rouen. She praiſed the philanthropy of Monſieur Luneville, who had adopted the poor deſerted infant, and educated her at a great expence, and, it is rumoured, meant to leave her all his fortune, to the detriment of his own family; that your lordſhips know would be wrong, but though all the world ſays ſo, I will never believe it, becauſe he is ſuch a juſt and good creature.

Sir Everard Ardent had liſtened with the utmoſt attention to this harangue; his boſom felt a pang of ſoft commiſeration for the innocent heroine of ſo ſtrange a tale, an unhappy foundling, abandoned by the authors

of her being, committed to the charity of ſtrangers from the firſt hour of her exiſtence'; his feelings were ſo excited, he could for his liberality and humanity have worſhipped her worthy protector, whoſe character he admired, and would have been happy to imitate; his higheſt gratification would have ariſen to have been enabled with propriety to offer the aſſiſtance of his purſe in ſo juſt a cauſe; but this he dared not attempt, conſcious the depravity of the world was ſuch, that it would never believe that a lively young man of fortune would contribute any portion of it to aſſiſt a diſtreſſed female, without ſuppoſing he was induced by motives of ſelf-intereſt moſt degrading to his honorable intentions.

The reveries of Sir Everard were interrupted by Lord Everſley's inquiring if Chriſtabelle was ſenſible, and Mr. Sarcaſm's reiterated queſtion, if ſhe was handſome? Madame anſwered, ſhe was ſaid by all her inſtructors to have more learning, wit, and genius then any young, or even old lady, in Rouen; that ſhe was *au fait* at every ſort

of accomplifhment ufeful or fafhionable, that fhe was *une charmante belle*, beautiful beyond compare, her manners elegant, and her figure graceful; "in fhort, Monseigneurs, fhe is a moft delightful creature; but all thefe various *agrémens* will I fear be only an addition to the misfortune of her birth, by tempting your fex to feek her ruin."

"In the name of all that's defirable," replied the fatire-loving Hector, how, *ma petite Ange*, do you make that out? You are yourfelf in poffeffion of all thofe defirables, you have fo generoufly beftowed on the fair foundling! Would you then perfuade us, that what all admire, all envy, all covet, and all would enjoy if they could, is a grievance that will bring forrow on its object? No, no, joy, pleafure, fortune muft be the lot of fo favoured a mortal!"

Thefe far-fetched, inflated compliments, meant as a *quiz* to amufe his companions, were greedily fwallowed, and her likenefs of Chriftabelle duly appreciated by our *marchande des modes*. She was a fhort

ſquab figure, with a mahogany complexion, a pug noſe, a wide mouth, thin lips, black teeth, and eyes that looked all ways but ſtrait forward! Grateful for ſuch praiſes as ſhe had never heard before, while ſhe ſmiled approval, ſhe directed her oblique glances of admiration full in the face of the diverted Hector; her features were ſo diſtorted, and her ſquint ſo tremendous, that in deſpite of the claims of politeſſe, the cauſe and the effect were ſo truly ludicrous, that his companions could not controul their mirth, nor repel a violent fit of laughter, which they were fain to place to the account of Madame's *barbet*, who having ſeiſed upon the leg of Hector held him at bay; he perceived an excuſe would be neceſſary, and adroitly contrived to tread upon the tail of Azor at the proper moment.

The alternate rage and yells of her little favourite took off her attention from the mirth of her gueſts to the grief of her dog. They having gleaned all the intelligence ſhe could beſtow, and obtained a

direction to the residence of Monsieur Luneville, politely took their leave. It was now determined the party should repair to the accoucheur's, to whom Lord Eversley was to introduce himself as the person who had been so fortunate as to preserve the young lady, his ward, from an immersion in the Seine, who felt it incumbent upon him to pay his respects, and inquire after her health.

Madame Luneville, who had been fully acquainted with the transaction of the last evening, was in expectation of this visit, and had taken her measures accordingly; fearful that the hated Christabelle should, if her fair face was seen, (which she found had not yet happened) make an impression on the heart of her preserver, the English Lord, the servants were ordered to say the young lady kept her bed from illness, and their master was not at home. Thus thrown out in the chace, Lord Eversley and Sir Everard felt inclined to pursue the game no further, but to prosecute their journey to Paris, where the Baronet was

moſt anxious to arrive, that he might witneſs the triumph of freedom, in a land where it had hitherto been deemed worſe than ſacrilege to worſhip at her altar!

Sarcaſm's curioſity being raiſed by the ſtory of Chriſtabelle, and not being accuſtomed to let a trifle ſtand between him and his gratification, he therefore thought if he could contrive to gain any further intelligence of this fair foundling, it would be moſt ſatisfactory to his lordſhip, who evidently appeared to feel an intereſt in her fate. While his companions went to view the curioſities of the ancient city of Rouen, the capital of Normandy, a country that gave birth to courageous and valiant William, England's conqueror and king, Hector excuſed himſelf from being of their party, ſaying, he intended to ſtroll into the pictureſque environs. Reſolved upon gaining more information relative to Chriſtabelle, he reviſited the *marchande des modes*. Flattery, that never-failing paſſport to every age and ſex, had been ſo unſparingly beſtowed by him on Madame Tyranneau, that

he was greeted by that lady with ſmiles of welcome, and a deſire to know how ſhe could ſerve *Milord Anglois !*

He aſked to be ſhown ſome gloves, and while he was trying them, he led her on to ſpeak upon the ſubject of the morning, by obſerving, that himſelf and friends had called at the good doctor's, to pay him their reſpects, and inquire after his fair charge, but they were not fortunate enough to gain admittance.

"*Ah, mon Dieu, pauvre enfant !* I ſuppoſe Madame Luneville did not chuſe ſhe ſhould be ſeen by my *Lord Anglois.* Had the adventure happened to her beloved *Mignonne*, the doors would have been made to fly off their hinges to admit ſuch charming viſitors!"

"What then, there is another young lady in the houſe, beſides your favourite?"

"Certainly: did not Monſieur comprehend that; but ſhe is the very reverſe in perſon, mind, and manners to the Maid of Rouen. She is niece to the good accoucheur, whom he maintains, and will make

his heirefs, becaufe he is too juft to leave his fortune from his own relatives, whom he thinks have a prior claim, though doubtlefs he will do fomething handfome for the child he has foftered, and fondly doats upon; but his ill-natured fifter-in-law does not give him credit for fuch benevolent fentiments, and I know fhe hates the beautiful orphan, fuppofing fhe will rob her pert, conceited, proud, infolent daughter, of what fhe denominates her birth-right."

"I am quite charmed," replied the fneering Hector, "on hearing the wifdom of Socrates flow from the lips of beauty. Your ideas of *meum* and *tuum* are fo correct, and expreffed in fuch forceful language, that I am quite delighted; but let me entreat, that you will inform me, why you call the fair object of our admiration the Maid of Rouen?" Madame Tyranneau, fafcinated by the gloffing flattery of her deceptive gueft, fhot from her fquinting orbs fiery glances of approbation, that fhe meant fhould be killing; and deadly was their nature, for they threw the diverted Sarcafm into a convul-

ſion of laughter. Alarmed for the fate of her *cher ami*, ſhe ran for a glaſs of water; which having ſwallowed, he laid all the blame on a curſed cough, that he had embarked with from our foggy iſland, but which he ſhould ſoon loſe in the ſoft and genial atmoſphere of France!

"But in your kind attention to me, you have forgot to ſay, why you denominated the fair Chriſtabelle the Maid of Rouen?" She would with pleaſure have talked all day to oblige *Milord Anglois*, for having heard one called by that title, ſhe liberally beſtowed nobility upon all his companions; ſhe therefore complied with his requeſt, by the following recital. She had ſpoken of her by a name that ſhe was better known by in the city, and its environs, than by the one ſhe received at the baptiſmal font.

"It was acquired, *Milord*, from a ſtrange fancy of her's when a child; her nurſe uſed to frequently take her to the ſtatue reared to the memory of that famous and unfortunate heroine, Joan of Arc, who was barbarouſly murdered by one of your cruel

countrymen, a Duke of Bedford, but I dare ſay you know all the ſtory. The baby when held up to the figure always appeared pleaſed, and would conſtantly cry when taken from it. Marian Ange reſided near the ſpot, therefore, whenever her young charge was croſs, ſhe uſed to carry her to the monument, which ever reſtored her to good humour. This ſtrange attachment ſtruck her nurſe ſo forcibly, that the firſt words ſhe taught her to ſpeak were, the Maid of Orleans. As ſhe advanced in years, her mind was ſtill filled with this image. On returning to the houſe of her guardian, to whom her infant attachment to Joan of Arc was known, Madame Luneville when ſhe thought her capable of underſtanding it, told the ſad ſtory of her love for her country, the valiant deeds ſhe performed in its defence, and her dreadful and ſhocking death, condemned to the ſtake by the ſavage Engliſh, for no crime but combating in a cauſe that ſhe thought it her duty to ſuſtain! Chriſtabelle would weep over the terrible fate of her favourite,

yet was conſtantly deſiring Madame to repeat the mournful tale. Whenever her attendant took her forth for a promenade, ſhe would not return until ſhe had viſited and walked round the ſtatue of Joan. One day her mind ſtimulated by viewing the beloved object, and reflecting upon all ſhe had heard about her, on entering the parlour, ſhe ran to Monſieur Luneville, and throwing herſelf into his arms, exclaimed, pray, dear papa, let my name in future be the Maid of Rouen!

"This ſtrange fancy of the child, with her love for the heroine of Normandy, was mentioned by the worthy pair to ſome of their viſitors, by them it was repeated, and ſoon became the public converſation, who conſcious that ſhe could truly claim none except that by which ſhe was chriſtened, born and deſerted in the city, not known to whom ſhe belonged, they thought the child was right, and ſhe was ever after called the Maid of Rouen! By that title ſhe was recogniſed in the town, and by that deſignation known in the monaſtery of the

Poor Clares. I have been told, that as ſhe advanced in years, and became capable of judging of the propriety of her infantine conduct, ſhe was very ſorry her childiſh humour had been complied with, becauſe aſhamed of the notoriety it annexed to her perſon; but having once acquired it, while ſhe inhabits this country, it will adhere to her moſt pertinaciouſly!"

Mr. Sarcaſm having gained a new fund of information, took his leave of the voluble Madame Tyranneau, and proceeded to reconnoitre the reſidence of Monſieur Luneville; when ſtanding at the parlour window, he beheld a young lady, who appeared to obſerve him with as much attention as he viewed her. His plain blue frock, round hat, leathers, and Engliſh boots, announced the country from whence he came. She lifted the ſaſh, and evidently appeared to court his notice. No ſhrinking diffidence, no retiring modeſty, deterred the bold Hector from availing himſelf of this inviting opportunity to gain an introduction to the houſe of our accoucheur. His intuitive

perception convinced him at one glance, that this little cocked-noſe brunette, was not the elegant and dignified Chriſtabelle, who had been pourtrayed fair and bluſhing as the orient Morn, when ſhe throws open the gates of light, but in the being before him he beheld the heireſs of the houſe of Luneville.

He perceived the utility of allowing her to ſuppoſe that he believed himſelf addreſſing the Maid of Rouen; he therefore advanced, and moſt reſpectfully bowing, hoped that he had the pleaſure of ſeeing her recovered from the indiſpoſition occaſioned by the fright of the laſt evening; that he had already called to pay his reſpects, prior to his quitting Normandy, from whence he ſhould depart in deſpair at the thought of not again beholding the enchanting being whoſe charming figure had made an impreſſion on his imagination, that could never be eradicated by time nor diſtance!

This flaming ſpeech was accompanied, though in the ſtreet, with every lover-like geſture, ſuch as languiſhing glances, preſ-

ſing his hand upon his heart, convinced thoſe ridiculous grimaces would not attract the notice of the paſſing pedeſtrians who are too accuſtomed to behold thoſe geſticulations for them to excite any ſurpriſe. A Frenchman cannot meet in the moſt public walk, with an acquaintance of yeſterday, without ruſhing into his arms, and ſaluting each cheek with as much ardour as if embracing a long abſent friend! nor can he inquire after his grandmother's rheumatiſm, without performing the moſt active contortions of body, and exhibiting in his countenance all the various paſſions of fear, ſorrow, and hope, for the old lady's convaleſcence, who, if informed the next moment ſhe was dead and buried, would turn aſide, ſhrug his ſhoulders, and exclaim, "*tant mieux!*"

Mignonne Luneville, for it was herſelf, who had been watching at the window, hoping they would return, from the moment ſhe heard the Engliſh lords had been ſent from the door by her mother's orders; her artful brain had engendered a ſcheme, that ſhe

thought, by good management, promifed fuccefs; knowing they had not feen the face of Chriftabelle, fhe thought it would be an eafy tafk to prefent herfelf as the Maid of Rouen to her preferver. Could fhe make a conqueft of an Englifh lord, what a triumph would it give her over her uncle's doating-piece! To accelerate her project, fhe had beftowed the moft fedulous attention upon her drefs, and made her toilet with all that fcientific art, fo well known to a French demoifelle.

None of the party having been feen by Mignonne, Hector thought it would be a famous good hoax, to let her fuppofe him Lord Everfley. The mortification and difappointment which would be experienced by the conceited coquette, when fhe difcovered her error, would be highly gratifying to his fplenetic love of mifchief. Each being *au-fait* in their refpective parts, were eager to commence the performance, not being very nice in the means; fhe returned his inquiries with the utmoft civility, and repaid his flattering compliments with ap-

proving ſmiles, her only fear was their *tête à-tête* ſhould be interrupted by her mother or uncle. Of Chriſtabelle ſhe thought not, who was ſhut up in her ſtudy, that looked upon the garden, from whence ſhe would not deſcend till ſummoned to dinner. She expreſſed her ſorrow, that viewed as an intruder by the relatives of her guardian, ſhe could not take the liberty of inviting him into the houſe, though moſt deſirous to expreſs her gratitude for the obligation he had laid her under: if, therefore, *Milord Anglois*, was going to the morning promenade on the Boulevards, as ſhe was repairing thither, ſhe ſhould have the honour of thanking, and wiſhing him a good journey. Hector was too much accuſtomed to ſuch little affairs of the heart, too adroit not to underſtand the lady's meaning, and too gallant not to keep the aſſignation! Bowing profoundly, he immediately bent his ſteps as directed.

Amuſed at the adventure of the morning, and wondering how it would terminate, he had not taken above one turn, before,

he ſaw Mademoiſelle Mignonne tripping towards him. Theſe *ruſes par ruſes* were well managed on both ſides; it was a high wrought ſcene of deception; the gentleman made the moſt flaming ſpeeches, "full of fire and fury, ſignifying nothing:" while the lady, warmed by the heat of ſuch combuſtible materials, was gone an age in love, before her Adonis had given a moment's ſerious thought how his frolic was to terminate. It had gratified his vanity for the inſtant, that he ſhould be enabled to return to his party, and exclaim with Cæſar, *Veni, vidi, vici!*

His fair one, buoyant with new formed hopes, ſaw paſs before her mental viſion all the paraphernalia of her expected greatneſs; gay equipages, ſplendid habiliments, ſuperb jewels, and that grand deſideratum of ambitious woman, the impoſing coronet that was to incircle her throbbing temples when preſented at the Britiſh court! To inſure herſelf the poſſeſſion of theſe, ſhe made ſuch quick advances, that the wary Hector was obliged to manœuvre cautiouſly,

that he might not be out-generalled by a girl, and fall himſelf into the ambuſcade he had laid to entrap her. Mignonne determined to carry on the character ſhe had aſſumed: having often heard, and read of the generous feelings that actuate the hearts of the Engliſh for the diſtreſſed, ſhe told her pitiable ſtory in the moſt impreſſive language, pourtrayed with forcefulneſs the cruelty of her parents deſertion in infancy of their unoffending child, painted in glowing colours the bitter ſtate of dependence upon the caprice of ſtrangers, and the terror with which ſhe looked forward to the death of her only friend and protector!

Had this ſubtle narrator been the real heroine of the tale ſhe told, it was well calculated to excite commiſeration in her hearer, but he knew her, like himſelf, to be acting a deceptious part, and was enraged at the idea of her attempting to lure him into her ſnares, by playing upon his heart from a maſked battery. He forgot, that while he arraigned Mignonne for artifice, though he had not directly announced him-

ſelf as Lord Everſley, he had by his converſation allowed her to ſuppoſe he was that nobleman. He had no intention in paying his devoirs to Mademoiſelle Luneville, but merely as a *bagatelle pour paſſer le tems* ; for to carry on the intrigue, he had neither time nor inclination.

Mignonne was a little piquante brunette, without the leaſt pretenſions to beauty ; ſhe was neither ſenſible nor accompliſhed, but ſhe had cunning to plan, and boldneſs to execute, any ſcheme however nefarious, poſſeſſing lively manners, and a pertneſs of retort, that paſſed for wit among her compeers, but to the reality ſhe had no pretenſions. Theſe were not qualities of perſon or mind of ſufficient magnitude to induce Mr. Hector Sarcaſm, who knew ſo well how to appreciate his own perfections, to part with his highly eſtimated liberty, and become a Benedict. Could the little Norman have brought riches, conſequence, and power as her dower, things would have worn a different aſpect ; but ſhe had not beauty to gratify his vanity, nor fortune to

ſatisfy his ambition; therefore, finding the lady ſo eaſy to be won, he thought only of making a haſty retreat, by ſaying, that himſelf and friends were obliged to proceed directly to Paris, where they ſhould not ſtop long, and meant to take Rouen in their route to England, when he truſted he ſhould be able to devote more time to the goddeſs of his idolatry.

This haſty departure, and doubtful return, was ſad news for Mignonne, in whoſe critical ſituation delays were dangerous! Her plans, formed on the ſpur of the moment, called for prompt meaſures; ſhe feared that time would render them abortive; ſhould they be unravelled prematurely all would be loſt: if, by ſome unlucky chance, his lordſhip got a view of the real Chriſtabelle, then ſhe was conſcious ſhe ſhould have no hope of being a lady. While theſe ideas paſſed rapidly through her brain, her ſuppoſed adorer, who ſaw ill-concealed anger flaſhing from her eyes, was meditating how to effect his eſcape before the ſtorm burſt, when they found themſelves upon the event-

ful bridge of boats that had produced thoſe incidents we are recounting.

As they paſſed on, each buried in cogitation, they were met by Miſs Ancram, who was returning from viſiting her friend, the ſtory of whoſe eſcape from immerſion had penetrated even the maſſy walls of the monaſtery, when ſtopping to pay her compliments to Mademoiſelle Luneville, her eyes encountered thoſe of her companion. Both ſtarted, and appeared diſpleaſed at the unwelcome rencontre, yet were compelled by the rules of politeneſs, preſerved by people of the world, to ſeem pleaſed at the meeting. This faſhionable couple had frequently met in thoſe fanes dedicated to the goddeſs of pleaſure, when Harriet Ancram was the worſhipped deity of the circle, where none were more profuſe of their admiration of her perſonal charms and elegant accompliſhments, than our new created noble; but ſince ill fortune had hurled her from ſplendid greatneſs, and ſhe could no longer give celebrity to her adorers, Hector, on the ſuppoſition ſhe had ſunk into

insignificant obscurity, had not bestowed a thought upon her, until in this inauspicious moment she stood before him, improved in beauty, and dignified in mien. She addressed him, hoped she saw Mr. Sarcasm well: having just parted from Sir Everard Ardent, she found he was lord Eversley's travelling companion; that his lordship's first adventure had been fortunate, having saved the life of her beloved friend, the most lovely and estimable creature in the Gallic dominions. For performing so meritorious a deed, her daily orisons should be offered at the throne of Omnipotence, that health, pleasure, and what he was said to seek, additional wisdom, might be his bright reward.

The mortified Mignonne, taken in her own trap, could not content herself with silent contempt, her anger found words, she accused him of duplicity, in basely attempting to steal into her heart, by imposing himself upon her as a nobleman. After coolly waiting till her voluble abuse ceased for want of breath to proceed, he burst into

a hearty fit of laughter, and with the moſt provoking *ſang-froid*, recriminated on the enraged demoiſelle, by ſaying, "while you accuſe me as a deceiver, you moſt aſſuredly forget you introduced yourſelf to me as the fair Chriſtabelle, and tried to further ſoften a heart that you gave credit to for being already far gone in love, by calling upon all your oratorical powers to paint the ſtory of the intereſting foundling, whoſe character you had aſſumed, to which I am propelled to ſay you did ample juſtice. I muſt beg you to underſtand, that from the firſt moment that your ſyren ſmiles drew me to Monſieur Luneville's window, you were known to me as his *niece*, therefore I was not deceived by your well told tale as the Maid of Rouen. If you were ſo, in imagining me ſon to the Marquis of Arronville, you made the evil of which you complain. I never ſpoke of myſelf as Lord Everſley; while you, wiſhing to find that nobleman in your humble ſervant, did me the honour of conferring upon me the title! I will acknowledge as a puniſhment for your du-

plicity, if I had not met Miſs Ancram, which has prematurely plucked off our maſks, I meant to have left Normandy, without explaining who was the doughty knight whom you had flattered by your particular notice."

Mignonne vexed to madneſs at beholding all her air-built caſtles toppling to their foundation, her inflated hopes defeated, her artifices expoſed to the laugh of her ſuppoſed admirer, and the contemptuous ſneers of the faſt friend of the woman ſhe hated and envied,—what a proud triumph would it give to the deteſtable Chriſtabelle, when informed, as ſhe ſoon would be, that ſhe was obliged to borrow her name to gain a lover, that under her own ſemblance ſhe could not keep? Her plan rendered abortive, ſhe muſt expect to be expoſed to her mother's reproof, and the anger of her uncle. Should he tranſaction get air, which doubtleſs it would through Miſs Ancram, with whom ſhe had never been a favourite, ſhe ſhould be ſubjected to the ridicule of the city and its precincts. Struck dumb by the truiſms of

Sarcaſm's laſt ſpeech, which he had no ſooner concluded, than while a ſapient ſneer ſat upon his features, profoundly bowing he took his leave, and left his aſtoniſhed auditors in perfect aſtoniſhment.

The enraged Mignonne flew home, her breaſt overflowing with gall, to vent her iraſcible paſſions, and take revenge for the ſuppoſed inſult ſhe had received upon the innocent Chriſtabelle, whom ſhe could not forgive, having baſely attempted to injure.

Harriet Ancram ruminating on the ſtrange ſcenes ſhe had witneſſed, meaſured back her ſteps to the convent which, ſince her friend's departure, appeared to be encircled by tenfold gloom. Her perſpicacity enabled her to perceive ſhe was beheld by the lady abbeſs as an incendiary, that had counteracted her plot, and aſſiſted to deprive her of her deſtined victim. The nuns ſubjected to controul, ever take the colour of their behaviour from that of their ſuperiors, ſhe therefore found herſelf ſhunned by thoſe pious ſiſters, whom the inforced routine of religious exerciſes had not diveſted of thoſe

baleful paſſions that deform the human heart! If ſhe croſſed their walks, they paſſed her in ſolemn ſilence. Orders to the ſame effect had been given to the young penſioners, who all loved Miſs Ancram, but dared not diſobey the powerful mandates of the *Religieuſes*. In fact, ſhe perceived ſhe was ſent to Coventry by this charitable order, without reaſon, and without hope of being reſtored to the privileges of ſociety.

On her return ſhe was informed by the portreſs, that ſhe had received orders that no letters of her's would be allowed to paſs the gates, till examined by the abbeſs; nor would ſhe in future be permitted to go into the town, without leave firſt obtained from that lady. Then, with a deep-drawn ſigh, ſhe mentally exclaimed, "I am, indeed, a priſoner, for I will not hazard a refuſal from that haughty vindictive woman, nor will I tamely ſubmit to her reſtrictions—upon me ſhe has no right to impoſe any. I was placed here by my father merely as a boarder, for which I make a handſome remuneration. As a free agent, I was to viſit where and

when I pleafed in the town, returning within the monaftic hours. I will immediately quit this maufoleum of the living; but how am I to make my friends acquainted with my irkfome thraldom; for that I muft truft to the chapter of accidents, and fhall not unnerve my mind by defpondency! It will be hard, indeed, if wit cannot conquer cunning, and enable me to blind thefe lynx-eyed virgins. But in the mean time, what will become of my poor Chriftabelle, who has no one to look to for fupport and comfort, but her guardian and myfelf. I am convinced fhe will be fated to endure every fort of mortification that malice can inflict from the difappointed Mignonne. Her grateful heart will not permit her to complain to Monf. Luneville, however fhe may be perfecuted by the ill-humours of the malignant mother and daughter." Thefe reflections made her very miferable, but fhe refolved not to fuccumb under difficulties that courage only could enable her to conquer.

When the *mal a-propos* meeting with Mifs

Ancram had produced an ecclairciſſement ſo little expected by the parties, Sarcaſm, releaſed from the loving advances of the ambitious Mignonne, haſtened to the Hotel, where he found his companions already arrived. Fearful the intrigue of the morning ſhould be recited by ſome leſs partial perſon, who might place it in a more queſtionable ſhape than he ſhould give it, he proceeded to recount it as a famous joke, placing the whole tranſaction in ſo ludicrous a point of view, that it compelled them to laugh heartily. Their mirth evaporated, on reflection, the ſerious and correct Lord Everſley felt the conduct of Sarcaſm was unjuſtifiable; thus he argued:

"If the girl was as deceptive and forward as he had depicted her, ſtill her being the niece of ſo good and worthy a man as Monſ. Luneville, ſhould have protected her from wanton inſult:" he likewiſe felt offended that his name had been uſed to practiſe upon, and impoſe on her credulity. It was in vain that Hector aſſured him, that he had

not taken the liberty of introducing himſelf as Lord Everſley; the fault was wholly Mademoiſelle Mignonne's, who being determined, as repreſentative of the Maid of Rouen, to gain his heart, in her eagerneſs for conqueſt impoſed upon herſelf. It was moſt true, that, knowing who ſhe was, and ſeeing through her ſcheme, he thought it would be a proper puniſhment for her artifice and vanity, to let her for a few hours enjoy her miſtake, meaning, before he quitted Rouen, to have written to her an explanation of the whole buſineſs.

It was to no purpoſe he told this ſpecious tale, and tried to gloſs over his conduct in the affair; it could not exculpate him in the opinion of a young man of ſuch ſteady principles, and high ſenſe of honor, as thoſe which imbued the mind, gave weight to the ſentiments, and dignity to the actions of a Lord Everſley, who thus addreſſed himſelf to the creſt-fallen witling.

"Mr. Sarcaſm, however you may be inclined to ſacrifice your friend to your jeſt, I

do not choose to be implicated in a system I abhor. I am extremely hurt that a name that I derived unblemished from my ancestors, and which it behoves me not to disgrace by any behaviour of mine, should be made the vehicle of imposition. Allowing, for a moment, this artful girl might deserve reprobation, I do not think your own part in the transaction has been sufficiently immaculate to free you from blame, to give you any pretension to take upon yourself to punish her for a folly, that, even as you tell the story, you tempted her to commit."

While receiving this jobation, Hector apparently writhed under the lash of Lord Eversley's severe but just reproof. He bit his lips, and his contracted and scowling brows exhibited strong traits of ill-repressed anger; but interest, all-powerful self-interest, enabled him to smother his chagrin. Accustomed hitherto to give laws to those subjugated by the fear of his satire, he was ill-prepared to bend to the decrees of a beardless judge.

In the ſhort time they had paſſed together, each had been enabled to make himſelf acquainted with the other's propenſities. Hector had hoped, with the knowledge he had acquired by mixing with thoſe who are denominated the great world, he ſhould have been equal to managing as he pleaſed, and bending to his own purpoſes a youth of twenty-one, who had juſt emerged from a country ſecluſion, and had ſhook off the reſtraint of a formal tutor. He ſoon perceived his miſtake, and to keep even his ſituation with him to whom he gave the appellation of a ſolemn fop, he muſt be very ſparing of his cenſures on others, uſe with great caution his love of ſcandal, and conſent to drop the character of a would-be wit, that would not avail him where ſenſe and wiſdom only could paſs current; and if he aſpired to gain the favour and friendſhip of Lord Everſley, he muſt ſeem penitent for what had paſſed, and at leaſt *appear* ſober, correct, moral, and religious in future. This was a difficult taſk to be performed by a gay, diſſipated

libertine, a votary of pleafure, who had hitherto done what he liked, and faid what he pleafed!

Amid the numerous follies of Hector Sarcafm, he was no hypocrite. We have already fhewn his plan was to govern by fear, to carry the town by efcalade; of courfe he troubled not himfelf to gain by fap what he could take by ftorm. This verfatile genius being perfectly well with himfelf, was convinced he could command fuccefs under any form he chofe to affume; it was only giving a fombre air to his features, and tuning his converfation to fentimentality, to affift his appearance in a new character. It was his intereft, until fomething better offered, to keep well with his lordfhip; he therefore, with a look of contrition, expreffed his forrow for having, in a moment of exuberant fpirits, given juft caufe for the anger of his lordfhip, in humble tones folicited his forgivenefs, and pledged his facred honour, that it had never been his intention to take the liberty of introducing himfelf under *his* title, but on perceiving the little coquette

ſuppoſed ſhe was addreſſing a nobleman, while paſſing herſelf off as the Maid of Rouen, he did not undeceive her in that point, but thought he was juſtified to let the mortification her vanity would receive, when ſhe diſcovered her miſtake, be her puniſhment.

The good-natured, warm-hearted Sir Everard Ardent, with all his love of *right*, avowed he thought Mignonne deſerved the caſtigation ſhe had received in her diſappointment; he therefore aſſiſted to reſtore Hector to the confidence, if not to the friendſhip, of his young Telemachus. This point gained, and peace reſtored, Hector, who perceived his error, meant in future to be more circumſpect in his conduct in conducting miſchievous adventures to maſk his propenſities, and not lay himſelf open hereafter to the reproof of his pupil.

Lord Everſley, who could not on the firſt ſtage of his travels ſtomach the being implicated as the hero of an intrigue with a vain, fooliſh French coquette, to check the progreſs of the ſcandalous tale, that he

trusted would die a natural death if not fed with fresh fuel, announced his resolution of quitting Rouen directly. While the baggage was fastening on the carriages, he addressed a polite note to Monsieur Luneville, explaining the business of the morning, observing, "he did not take upon him to wholly excuse Mr. Sarcasm's conduct; for certainly the lady's evident attempt at deception, had given a colour of pretence to the behaviour of his friend, who wished by making reprisals to punish her in kind. He trusted the fair Christabelle had recovered from the effects of her fright, to whom he begged his respects might be presented." This he sent by his valet, with orders to deliver it only to Monsieur Luneville.

He soon returned with a billet from that gentleman, thanking his lordship for the attention he had paid to his feelings, by placing the events of the day in a true light, they having been very differently represented to him. He expressed extreme sorrow, and deep regret, that the inexcusable coquetry of his relative had given

his lordſhip ſo much chagrin, of which he begged him to diveſt his memory, and to pardon the folly of the niece, in conſideration of the high reſpect in which his character was held by the uncle. He concluded by the aſſurance that Chriſtabelle was quite reſtored to health, and truly grateful for the honour of his inquiries.

This was with pleaſure peruſed by his lordſhip, who viewed it as the termination of an adventure, in which he had been made to appear in a character diametrically againſt his principles. Though he was not free from ambition, and would not have ſhunned publicity in the cauſe of rectitude, honour, and virtue, he ſhrunk from being implicated in a courſe of intrigue and deception. He felt the notoriety, the eclat of which might have delighted a Hector Sarcaſm, would have been mortifying and diſgraceful in the extreme to the ſon of the Marquis of Arronville.

As we are delineating a Lord Everſley, who was a noble of God's own creation, we are propelled to contraſt him with the pre-

ſent race of young men, degenerated ſcions of the ancient nobility of Britain! Would we could ſay, they were equally ſtrenuous ſupporters of the claims of their progenitors, and equally cautious with his lordſhip not to diſgrace, by their conduct and purſuits, the honourable race from whence they ſprang! Then ſhould we not, in the nineteenth century, be condemned to ſorrow for the dignity of their anceſtors being degraded by the Plebeian propenſities of their deſcendants! We are taught to believe, that "thoſe to whom much is given, from them much will be expected;" it therefore behoves the great and opulent to diffuſe theſe bleſſings for the benefit of their ſpecies! to raiſe and foſter the drooping bloſſoms of genius! to protect, ſupport, and countenance the neglected arts by kind encouragement, to re-illumine ſinking Science! This is a faint prototype of *what ſhould* be the conduct of the high and mighty of the land!

We will give a ſlight ſketch of *what are* the avocations to which they devote their time, ſacrifice their fortunes, and debaſe

their titles. To do this we muſt follow the youthful Peers, whom we are taught to look upon as props of the ſtate, guardians of its laws, and legitimate protectors of its national honours! But where are we to ſeek a future Cicero, Demoſthenes, and Lycurgus? Not in their ſtudies,—but in their ſtables! With the dreſs, ſee them adopt the coarſe language, and vulgar manners of their coachmen; witneſs the four-in-hand club of famous notoriety, who are emulous to outgo in their phraſes, their behaviour, and their appropriate coſtume, the mail-coach Jehus, whom they aſpire to imitate, whoſe celebrity in clearing ruts without an upſet, and gallopping up hill and down without a ſmaſh, they view with jealous envy; to acquire which, reckleſs of life or limb, they ſtrain every throbbing nerve of their generous panting beaſts!

Others of their compeers are not, like theſe daring Phaetons, ambitious to ſet the world on fire, but more humble in their efforts for fame, condeſcend, in the effulgence of gariſh noon, to expoſe themſelves to the

contemptuous ſneers of the paſſing crowd, by daſhing their curricles through all the faſhionable ſtreets of the metropolis: while their *exalted* grooms loll yawning by their ſides, the maſters are content to take all the toil and labour of their buſineſs, while they ſit ſupine, and enjoy the benefit!

The exhibition of the morning finiſhed, let us follow theſe modern Nimrods to their favourite diverſion, a ſet-to at the Fives Court, or a boxing-match at Wormwood Scrubs! Here the equaliſing ſyſtem is carried to its full extent, Earls betting with Jews, and Dukes with butchers, with mutual eagerneſs, and with mutual brutality, whether Molineux ſhall beat Crib, or Crib conquer Molineux! Diſmayed, diſgraced Nature ſhrinks with horror, on peruſing the diſguſting repreſentations given in the diurnal prints of theſe ſanguinary conflicts, who boaſtfully enumerate all the blows given and received in the technical terms of the pugiliſtic dictionary, until one or both of the combatants are carried from the field, almoſt expiring! Theſe ſcenes, ſo ſhocking to humanity, would not

happen, if it was not encouraged as an amusement by gentlemen amateurs, who subscribe for a purse to reward the victor; for no man, without a quarrel with his adversary, would fight for the chance of a beating, unless he was well paid for it; but countenanced and supported by their lordly patrons, they are strongly tempted to risk the conflict, in despite of the chance of maiming, defacing, and destroying each other: nor doth the mischief end here, for we cannot believe, that by inuring themselves to often witness such brutal contests, their own hearts do not acquire a callosity, and the finer feelings of the mind are deadened to humanity, sympathy, and tenderness, which lose their wonted power on those who inure themselves to witness scenes of cruelty, — for we are all the children of habit!

Led on by our subject, we had forgot our travellers were impatient to pursue their journey; all the paraphernalia being ready, the rope-harness adjusted to the sides of heir lean nags, the couriers of the *poste*

royale placing their legs in their immenſe jack boots, cracked their whips, and galloped off furiouſly over the rough pavement of the conquering William's royal city, heedleſs of the concuſſions given to the bones of their employers, who, accuſtomed to be whirled along with eaſe and comfort over the well-kept turnpike roads of England, were not prepared for thoſe agreeable *rubs* that muſt be encountered by the curious in their peregrinations! Alas, thus it ever is in our way-faring journey through life, in which we are fated to travel through pain to pleaſure, through labour to information, and can only acquire improvement by ſedulous toil. We muſt not, therefore, expect to reap the advantages reſulting from thoſe deſirable acquiſitions without paying the price, at which alone they ever were, or ever can be obtained, in this ſublunary ſphere.

CHAP. VII.

BEING convinced, from the ſenſations we have ourſelves experienced, what a ſtrong intereſt is excited in the breaſt of novel readers by a perſonal deſcription of the heroine, becauſe it enables us in every ſituation of danger, difficulty, and delight, to pourtray her in our mind's eye, and as our's will bear the teſt of the moſt faſtidious critic in beauty, we cannot conſent to do her ſo much injuſtice, as to withhold a picture of her perſon from thoſe we truſt are prepared to admire her mental perfections.

When Chriſtabelle quitted the quietude of a cloiſter, to mix in the buſtle and turmoil of that world, on whoſe ſtage ſhe was fated to perform a conſpicuous part, ſhe was juſt ſixteen. Her light and airy form promiſed to be above the middle ſize; at this early age there was a grace in her addreſs, and a dignity in her manner, that was

calculated to awe into refpect thofe, whom her uncommon attractions could not fail to charm. "She moved a goddefs, and fhe looked a queen," in the fociety of thofe who thought to humble her by overweening pride, and infolent oppreffion.

In the company of friends whom fhe refpected and efteemed, fhe was a laughter-loving Hebe, fafcinating by the lively fallies of her wit, charming them by her poignant replies, and fenfible remarks. This, when not deformed by forrow, was her natural character; the traits of her face, and the contour of her figure, gave no affurance of the country of her parents; in defpite of a foreign education, fhe had more the appearance of an Englifh, than a Frenchwoman; yet, in her difpofition and manners, the *agrémens* of both nations feemed blended, making in unifon a perfect whole.

Her complexion was of the moft brilliant whiteness, heightened by a vivid colour that fpoke eloquently on her cheek; over which fported, in wild luxuriance, the ringlets of her nut-brown hair. The contour of her

features was faultlefs; even the chifel of a Flaxman might have added celebrity to his well-merited fame, by copying from fo perfect an original. The face was a fine oval, the nofe Grecian, the eyes, that gave animation to her charming countenance, as they fhone through her long fringed and filken lafhes, were of the darkeft hazle, fparkling with intelligence, true harbingers of a vivid imagination, expreffing in quick fucceffion the varying paffions of her mind, which actuated a bofom free from guile, the feat of every virtue, to whom deception was a ftranger. Fear, hope, joy, grief, and anger were clearly pourtrayed in the effulgent corrufcations emitted from thofe bright orbs. Her delicate mouth was ornamented with even, pearl-white teeth; and a dimple in her chin gave, when fhe fmiled, a fafcinating archnefs to her countenance. If this correct outline of the fair maid of Rouen does not excite the women's envy, and the men's admiration, we will throw away the crayon with which we have attempted to delineate the portrait of our heroine.

Having, in juſtice to Chriſtabelle, preſented her to our readers, ſuch as ſhe appeared on emerging from monaſtic ſecluſion, we muſt now follow her verſatile fortune through that mutable world, which we have already ſhown, from her entrance into it, had ſtrewn with pungent thorns the devious path that promiſed to obſtruct her painful pilgrimage through its intricate mazes.

On receipt of Lord Everſley's note, the artful deſigning Mignonne was exhibited in her true colours to an enraged mother, and mortified uncle. The former would never have arraigned her conduct, had ſhe ſucceeded in luring his lordſhip into her toils; but her manœuvres having failed, like other great *generals*, ſhe was condemned to find, that however wiſely planned a ſcheme might be, that was not ſucceſsful in the execution, it would avail nothing. A defeated projector muſt not expect either approval or reward, it is ever thus through all the viciſſitudes of life; our actions are eſtimated by the reſult, not by the propriety of our intentions. We are applauded, approved, or

condemned on appearances; the wifdom or goodnefs of our motives weigh not in our favour, if the termination is inaufpicious. Thus, our beft endeavours are often mifinterpreted; and in the world's opinion to be unfortunate, is too frequently to be condemned as criminal!

The deceptive Mignonne, who well knew the avenues to the heart of her mother, foon contrived, by glozing falfehoods, and fpecious blandifhments, to regain her favour, and procure her forgivenefs. With her uncle fhe was not equally lucky; the ftory of her amour had gained air, and he was condemned to hear it repeated with every exaggeration that flander could fuggeft, or ridicule render poignant. To be thus, in his declining years, committed to ftand the fneers of the witty, and the laugh of the ignorant, who had hitherto viewed him with refpect, and treated him with veneration, was a hard trial of fortitude; and the mortifying ftigma thrown on his relatives, weighed heavy on his worthy heart.

Madame Luneville and her daughter be-

held with the moſt malignant hatred the innocent Chriſtabelle, whom they inſulted and execrated as the ſource of thoſe family diſſenſions. She ſecluded herſelf as much as poſſible from their ſociety; when compelled to meet her foes at table, they were ſullenly ſilent if her guardian was preſent, but when his abſence removed all reſtraint, their behaviour was overbearing, inſolent, and cruel, beyond even the endurance of Chriſtabelle, who, though ſhe looked like an angel, felt as a woman. Her feelings outraged, and her pride wounded, ſhe was ſometimes provoked to retort the ſarcaſms they ſo liberally beſtowed. This was repeated in its moſt aggravated ſenſe to her protector, by his vindictive ſiſter-in-law, who contrived to forget mentioning the provocation that induced her to make repriſals. Chriſtabelle, reſolved ſhe would not give pain to her guardian, nor retort the injuries of her deſigning enemies, never uttered a complaint of the inſufferable treatment ſhe was ſubjected to endure from his relatives; he therefore allowed them credit for giving her

no reafon for querulous ill-humour, and ſharp rebukes.

His own temper was ſoured by the folly of his niece, and the diſagreement of his family party, that robbed his once pleaſant home of all its former comfort. He did not therefore addreſs his *protegée* with his accuſtomed kindneſs; her ſuſceptible heart quickly diſcerned this change, which occaſioned her to deplore her dependent ſituation, that was now, indeed, become truly irkſome. Much did ſhe regret the hour ſhe allowed herſelf to be prevailed upon to quit the ſafe ſanctuary of the poor Clares; ſhe believed that her preſent miſery was a puniſhment for having ſacrilegiouſly broken her promiſe with the abbeſs, of dedicating her life to the ſervice of her creator! Thus all the diſcordant paſſions that accelerate the evils of mortality, revelled in plenitude of power, in the breaſts of the inhabitants of Monſieur Luneville's hotel.

Some weeks, ſuch as we have deſcribed, had been paſſed by its inmates, ſince the plot and counterplot of Mignonne and Hector

had been unravelled by the mal-apropos meeting of Miſs Ancram; yet that young lady made not her appearance. Chriſta-belle was very uneaſy at an abſence that, ſhe feared, augured no good to her friend. Her viſits to the monaſtery had been forbidden by the *ſuperiéure*; ſhe had written to expreſs her difficulties, and aſk her advice, but the portreſs had refuſed to receive her letters, and they had been returned by her meſ-ſenger. In this dilemma, ſhe knew not how to act,—never was ſhe ſo much in want of a good Samaritan to pour the oil of con-ſolation into her wounded boſom, as, at this ſad moment, when all around united in ap-plying an irritating cauſtic, inſtead of the balm of comfort. Reflection brought the conviction that her beloved Harriet would not forſake her; why then did ſhe neither write nor come? The dreadful truth at length flaſhed upon her mind; ſhe had com-mitted herſelf to the anger of the lady ab-beſs, who, doubtleſs, had been informed of the active part ſhe had taken in liberating her from her power; it was more than pro-

bable ſhe was now a priſoner, devoted to ſuffer for reſtoring her to liberty. Having once conjured up this horrid idea, ſhe could not reſt; and reſolved to inſtantly aſcertain the fact, and uſe every exertion to accelerate her deliverance.

Sedulous to ſhun the public gaze, ſhe had wholly confined herſelf to the houſe, from the period of Mignonne's notorious adventure; well aſſured her name was implicated in that ridiculous ſtory. This fancied fear vaniſhed before her friend's real danger, when, envelop-ing her perſon in her impenetrable veil, ſhe prepared to viſit the convent to glean informa-tion from the portreſs, with whom, in her infantine days, ſhe had been a great favourite. Remembering the ancient maiden's love of ſweetmeats, ſhe took care to fill her pockets with ſome of the beſt preſerves ſhe could procure in her progreſs. Thus prepared for temptation, ſhe proceeded rapidly over the fatal bridge that had already occaſioned ſo much miſchief. On arriving at the centre, where ſhe had been ſaved from almoſt cer-tain death, by the prompt aſſiſtance of the

humane Englishman, — she shuddered at the retrospect. She crossed her fair bosom, counted her beads, and offered up a fervent prayer for the life, health, and happiness of her generous preserver.

When the travellers paid their visit of ceremony to Monsieur Luneville, and were not admitted, they left their tickets, which being shewn to Miss Ancram, made her acquainted with Lord Eversley and his companions being in Rouen. She gave so high a character of his lordship and Sir Everard Ardent, to whom she was well known in her days of splendour, that it had gained for them an interest in the bosom of her friend. The conduct of Mr. Sarcasm had given his own portraiture. —— Arrived at the monastic repository, where she had so long vegetated in obscure quietude, she again heaved a sigh of regret, that she had ever left it. On ringing the heavy bell, its sombre sounds ran chillingly through her trembling frame. Sister Bertha, lame and old, was long approaching; slowly she unclosed the wicket, and querulously demanded her business;

when lifting her veil, ſhe preſented the face of Chriſtabelle to her aſtoniſhed beholder. Bertha made an effort to cloſe the portal, but was prevented by the ſoft voice and tender blandiſhments of the child ſhe had once loved and foſtered, who intreated her kind mother would condeſcend to receive her little gift of gratitude, putting the box of confections into her ſhrivelled hand, which ſhe reſpectfully kiſſed.

The holy ſiſter, who had not quite "forgot herſelf to ſtone," was moved by the careſſes and tears of the youthful ſuppliant, who, knowing ſhe had not a minute to waſte, leſt they ſhould be interrupted by ſome of the lay ſiſters, requeſted her dear Bertha would give ſome account of Harriet Ancram, whoſe unaccountable ſilence, and the return of her own epiſtles, had rendered her truly miſerable. To trace the cauſe, had occaſioned her to preſent herſelf before thoſe prohibited gates. She was now acquainted by the portreſs, with the orders given by their *ſupérieure*, which had been rigorouſly enforced, that, on no pretence,

Mademoiſelle Ancram was to be permitted to paſs the convent walls, without a written leave obtained from herſelf; no letters were to be ſent by her, without being committed to her inſpection, nor any delivered to her, without undergoing the ſame ordeal; and that, finally, no perſon of the whole community was to ſpeak to, or anſwer her, when ſhe addreſſed them.

In an agony of grief, Chriſtabelle exclaimed, "is it for my ſeceſſion, my faults, this beloved friend is treated with ſuch cruel indignity; condemned to ſuffer ſolitary impriſonment for my offences, by the tyrannic decree of a vindictive, deſpotic, hypocritical woman, from whoſe petreſcent heart flows not one drop of human kindneſs! Something muſt be promptly done, to relieve her from durance, and reſtore her to that world ſhe was created to adorn; — ſhe ſhall be liberated, even if I return to this now hated reſidence. I will conſent to be immured within its dreary walls, and ſubject my future life to the control of my moſt cruel foe, rather than the friend of

my ſoul ſhall endure for me another hour's confinement."

Having determined how to act, ſhe tried to prevail on Bertha to deliver a few lines, announcing her reſolution; which ſhe haſtily wrote with a pencil. This requeſt ſhe peremptorily refuſed to comply with. Fear conquered love, for the terror that is impreſſed on the minds of thoſe ſubjugated to the ſway of the ſuperiors of a monaſtery, is as great as their power of puniſhing culprits is unlimited. Bertha, long condemned to implicitly obey the orders of the haughty abbeſs, even from early youth to decrepit old age, dared not ſwerve from commands which ſhe had been taught to believe was an imperious duty, that her vow of obedience compelled her to perform.

Finding this inflexible virgin not to be moved by prayers or promiſes, with a heavy heart ſhe prepared to depart, but ſtopped on hearing a quick ſtep approach. The terrified Bertha eſſayed to ſhut the gate, and was prevented by the more youthful Chriſtabelle, who caught a glimpſe of Harriet, that on

returning from one of her ſolitary rambles in the garden had recogniſed the voice of her friend, and heard with rapture her affectionate ſoliloquy; but reſolved ſhe ſhould not put her heroic intention into execution, by ſacrificing herſelf for her liberation; ſhe ruſhed to the ſpot, where, in deſpite of the feeble endeavours of Bertha, they were inſtantaneouſly locked in each other's embraces. There was no time for words; the nun had rung out the alarm-bell, when Harriet, conſcious that, for her breach of the orders of the Prioreſs, prohibiting her approach to the gate, ſhe ſhould be made a cloſer priſoner than before, perceiving her danger, for ſhe had now incurred the penalty of diſobedience, this elicited all the ardour of her character; a moment ſufficed to form and execute her plan for regaining that liberty ſhe loved, and without which ſhe deemed life not worth preſerving.

Snatching the keys of the portal from the ſide of the trembling Bertha, ſhe ſprung through the wicket, and, locking it on the outſide, ſeized upon the arm of the aſtounded

Chriſtabelle, and deſcended with precipitation the acclivity on which the monaſtery was ſituated. In their flight they heard the ſonorous tolling of the bell, that loudly demanded help, and met the inhabitants who dwelt within the focus of St. Clare ruſhing to the ſuccour of the pious ſiſterhood, aſſured ſome terrible misfortune muſt have happened to occaſion them to ſolicit aſſiſtance. Breathleſs and panting, they bent their ſteps to the pariſh of St. Sever's, where dwelt a very reſpectable Engliſhman, who had grown rich by purſuing the idea of Sir William Arkwright, having eſtabliſhed a cotton manufactory on the plan of thoſe of Paiſley and Mancheſter, from which places he had, by kindneſs and encouragement, induced workmen to emigrate, through whoſe ingenuity his looms were in a moſt flouriſhing ſituation.

This gentleman was well known to Mr. Ancram, and it was at his houſe that his daughter had been accuſtomed to paſs thoſe hours that were dedicated to rational amuſement. To him, then, ſhe meant to apply

for protection and ſhelter againſt the unjuſt detention and tyrannic treatment of the lady Abbeſs. Fortunately, in this moment of deſperation, ſhe found Monſieur Holroyd was at home, and alone in his ſtudy. She flew to him, and rapidly recounted the ignominy ſhe had been ſubjected to endure for the laſt three weeks; though, a free denizen, and making an ample remuneration for her board, ſhe had literally been ſent to Coventry by the whole community, and, on the Howard plan of puniſhment, condemned to all the horrors of ſolitary impriſonment, on the bare ſuppoſition that ſhe had adviſed Monſieur Luneville to withdraw her friend Chriſtabelle from the convent, where it was their policy to retain her, that, by getting her profeſſed a nun, they might pocket the money that her guardian had ſaved to enable her to enter the world with propriety. She concluded her tale by recounting the manner of her eſcape, and, to prevent her being retaken before ſhe ſhould reach a place of ſecurity, ſhe had brought away the key of the gate, which ſhe laid

upon the table, requesting that he would find some method to return it immediately.

Monsieur Holroyd, though astonished at her temerity, heard her without interruption. To comment on a conduct that was now irremediable, was losing time that, in her situation, was invaluable; he therefore did not attempt to act the censor. He expressed his wish and readiness to serve her, but feared the violent method she had pursued to effect her liberation would render that difficult, because all the *bons Catholiques* would make cause with a *religieuse*; it would occasion an universal alarm through all the holy seclusions in the city, fearful her example would be followed by others placed by parents under their care. That to oppose the power of the church was a bold undertaking, and to set their commands at defiance would be deemed a most contumelious insult to the Pope's vicegerents, and would be esteemed little less than a species of heresy. She sighed at this appalling statement of what she had to dread. Monsieur Holroyd proceeded to say, he doubted

that he ſhould be able to protect her from the vengeance of the diſappointed and enraged Abbeſs, who would tell the ſtory in her own way; he therefore would adviſe her to immediately quit Normandy, even that very night. If ſhe did not like to reviſit England, ſhe might make an attempt to reach Paris, from whoſe inhabitants the ſpirit ſhe had elicited to procure that liberty they were making ſuch ardent ſtruggles to obtain, would enſure her a welcome reception, the honour of the ſitting, and a fraternal embrace.

This was ſaid with a bitter taunt, for Monſieur Holroyd forſaw a ſtop put to his promiſing manufactories, in the anarchy and confuſion of the new order of things, the conſequence of laws abrogated, old uſages changed, and new ſyſtems adopted. He beheld with deep regret the deſtruction of all commercial purſuits; convinced men's minds, once heated by war, their hopes exalted by the equalizing mania, they would not condeſcend to follow the arts of peace; they could not reconcile their martial ſpirit

to ſit coolly down before the ſpinning machine or weaver's loom: no, it was a vain expectation; a tumultuous ſtate ever makes turbulent ſubjects. Thus unhappy Frenchmen have found, by dear-bought experience, that it is eaſy to raiſe a ſtorm, but difficult to allay its effervescence: the populace, once agitated by alternate hopes and fears, act with an impetus that no barriers can reſtrain; they ruſh on like the falls of Montmorency, dragging every thing into its vortex, and carrying with its torrent all that oppoſes its paſſage.

Actuated by the impulſe of the moment, which promiſed her that freedom of which ſhe had been deprived three tedious weeks; ſhe had committed herſelf to the revenge of the prieſthood, the ſevere animadverſions of a misjudging world, and the ſerious reproof of her ſenſible friend; ſhe too late perceived her error, for the deed was paſt recalling. Convinced Monſieur Holroyd's advice was beſt, her only ſafety being in flight, ſhe modeſtly acknowledged her error, that her late conduct could only be juſtified

by the ftrong plea of neceffity, but entreated his affiftance to enable her to leave Rouen, it being her determination to repair to Paris, from whence fhe would write to her father, and explain the caufe of her removal, and wait the refult of his opinion. His letters being always enclofed to Monfieur Holroyd, fhe fhould be affured of getting them fafe, through his friendly caution. Convinced after her flight from the poor Clares was known, as it foon would be through prieftly communication, fhe fhould not find an afylum in any convent, fhe entreated him to point out to her fome correct private family, where fhe might be received as a boarder.

This he chearfully promifed, faying, he would give her a letter of introduction to an Englifh lady, who refided in a cottage in the environs of Paris. She was highly educated, elegant in her manners, in fhort a very fuperior woman, who had retired from her own country to live in privacy, her fortune being reduced from affluence to a fmall annuity, that would not enable her longer to keep up her connections in Britain

with her accuſtomed eclat. The idea of ſuch a delightful retreat, and proper companion, animated with joy the depreſſed ſpirits of Miſs Ancram, who was now ſhewn by Madame Holroyd into a ſmall boudoir within her own bed-room, as a place of ſecurity, on the ſuppoſition that knowing their intimacy, her enemies would ſearch for her in their houſe.

The friends, now left to themſelves, ſnatched a few fleeting moments, to pour out their mutual ſorrows, and renew their vows of unalterable attachment. Chriſtabelle made the boſom of her kind monitreſs, the depoſitory of all ſhe had endured from the hatred of Madame Luneville, and the overbearing inſolence of Mignonne; that though ſtill attentive and humane, it was evident they had, in a certain degree, by falſe accuſations, injured her in the opinion of her guardian. This was the ſevereſt ſtroke that malice could aim at her peace, for had he not ſtood in the place of every relative, was he not her ſole dependence in this world, and did ſhe not revere and honour him as a

Father? If by these machinations of her bitter foes, he should be induced to withdraw his protection, what was to become of her? Bred up in the sanctuary of a cloister, an alien from every tie of consanguinity, how could she conduct herself through a world, to whose usages she was perfectly a stranger? Surely her only resource was to have taken the veil. Most irksome, doubtless would have been a conventual existence to one blessed with the approbation of friends, the affection of parents, the approval of relatives, and the smiles of fortune; but *none*, not *one* of these was the enviable lot of the forsaken and oppressed Christabelle!

While thus, in tremulous accents our desponding heroine poured into the ear of the commiserating Harriet, the sad plaints wrung from her overcharged heart, she felt a relief to those woes that for weeks she had been fated to endure, when clasped to a bosom that felt poignantly for all her griefs, which she was compelled to allow she had but too justly portrayed. She tried to

ſoothe and give her confidence, by avowing her conviction, that the time would yet arrive, when ſhe would be reſtored to the embraces of her parents, and under their auſpices meet her reward for all her preſent ſufferings.

From this converſation, hope reviſited the breaſt of Chriſtabelle, who accuſtomed to place confidence in the judgment of her friend, liſtened with attention, while ſhe went on to adviſe her not to ſacrifice her peace to a romantic and miſtaken ſenſe of honour toward thoſe whoſe baſe conduct gave them no claims upon her forbearance, but to enter into an early explanation with her guardian, on the unjuſt treatment ſhe was ſubjected in his abſence to endure from Madame Luneville and her daughter; it being more than probable from his great age, verging faſt on fourſcore, and the domeſtic vexations he was ſubjected to endure, he would ſoon be gathered to his fathers. On his demiſe ſhe had every thing to fear from his malicious relatives, ſhe therefore earneſtly recommended Chriſtabelle

to guard againſt contingencies, to ſolicit him to give into her own keeping, all the vouchers of her birth, that had been ſo carefully preſerved by the provident attention of her dear *Mére Luneville.* Thoſe, with the certificate of her chriſtening, and an aſſurance under his hand and ſeal, that theſe belonged to the child committed to his care, ſixteen years ſince, would aſcertain her identity, ſhould ſhe fortunately be claimed by the authors of her exiſtence! Convinced of the wiſdom and utility of this advice, ſhe promiſed to embrace the firſt opportunity of putting it in practice.

This converſation ſo intereſting to the friends, was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Monſieur Holroyd, who announced the appalling ſentence, that they muſt inſtantly part, the ſtricteſt ſearch being making for Miſs Ancram, whoſe retreat once diſcovered, he had no power to detain her; ſhe would therefore be conveyed back to her priſon-houſe, until her father's return to reclaim her. Until that doubtful period, it was more than probable, ſhe would, by the

vindictive *supérieure*, be condemned to ſuffer every ignominy and deprivation the malice of an enraged woman could inflict, under the plea of ſupporting the conſequence of the community, and of the religious inſtitution, outraged and inſulted by a girl who ſet their holy faith and its votaries at defiance!

Convinced of the danger of longer delay, drowned in tears, theſe young women, the ſacrifice of circumſtances, took an affectionate and haſty leave; Harriet promiſing to write all her adventures under cover to Monſieur Holroyd, who engaged to convey Chriſtabelle's anſwer to Paris.

On Bertha's ringing the alarm bell, all the ſiſterhood flocked to the gate; in vain they demanded of the trembling portreſs, the cauſe of her ſummons, her viſible agitation, terror, and aſtoniſhment, had deprived her of the power of utterance. It was to no purpoſe they adminiſtered ſtrong ſtimulants, ſenſe and memory ſeemed ſuſpended, if not wholly fled from the poor nun! In this ſtate ſhe continued, until the ſono-

rous claim for affiftance had brought crowds to the convent. The abbefs now fought the key, which was no where to be found; this was a fad dilemma, — what was to be done? To allow the gathering multitude to force themfelves an entrance was impoffible, for then their folemn fanctuary would be invaded by the unhallowed feet of lawlefs man, and her chafte veftals be fubjected to the gaze of libertine curiofity! To this expedient the *fupérieure* would not confent; at length the difficulty was obviated by *Père Paul*, who fpeaking through the key-hole, defired them to return to their cells, and he would occafion the gates to be forced to admit him and his brotherhood, who would be unto them a rampart of defence againft the affaults of the impure! This propofal was joyfully acceded to, when juft as a brawny fon of Vulcan prefented himfelf with an iron crow, the key of the portal, by an unknown hand, was thrown amongft the multitude! The Father Confeffor unlocked the wicket and let himfelf in; but had he

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not been of gigantic ſtrength, he could not have hindered the prophane from gratifying their curioſity by taking a peep at the interior of a convent. At length, by ſtrength of muſcle, and threats of excommunication, he contrived to faſten this ſanctum ſanctorum of rigid chaſtity!

At the ſtentorian voice of *Père Paul*, Bertha, arouſed from her ſtupor, began to recollect what had occaſioned it, and now recounted to the enraged abbeſs the viſit of Chriſtabelle, and the flight of Mademoiſelle Harriet. The friar recommended an inſtant purſuit of the fugitive, who muſt be regained, however coercive the meaſures neceſſary to that purpoſe, and offered himſelf as an active agent on the occaſion. This being gratefully accepted by the abbeſs, he departed on his miſſion.

On the repreſentation of *Père Paul*, the confeſſor of the nuns of St. Clare, who painted the heinouſneſs of Harriet Ancram's offence with the darkeſt traits of gloomy ſuperſtition, the abbot of a neigh-

bouring convent fulminated his anathemas againſt the poor culprit, and volunteered his ſervices to recover the ſtray ſheep from the holy flock! The civil power was called in, and the laity made common cauſe with the prieſthood; all united to puniſh a heretic who had brought reproach on a religious ſanctuary, and diſgraced the pious ſiſterhood, that had opened their protecting arms to receive her. Thoſe high varniſhed accuſations ſpread like wild-fire through Rouen, gathering fuel from falſehood in its rapid progreſs; no place was ſacred from the ſcrutiny of thoſe zealous bigots; they ſought the runaway in every houſe ſhe was known to viſit, but they commenced their ſearch at Monſieur Luneville's.

Siſter Bertha had avowed Chriſtabelle as the companion of her flight; of courſe it was moſt probable they were now together, and that the habitation of the accoucheur was her choſen retreat. Thither the ſacred proceſſion, attended by the poſſe comitatus, repaired; its maſter was aſtoniſhed at what he heard and ſaw, he was but juſt returned

from viſiting his patients, and thought Chriſtabelle ſtill in her own apartment, to which ſhe had confined herſelf from the eventful morning of Mignonne's miſadventures. He was vexed, grieved, and mortified at the notoriety created by the behaviour of thoſe girls, to whom he was a protector and guardian; it gave a ſevere pang to this truly eſtimable man's heart, to ſee them daily committing themſelves to public cenſure!

He aſſured the pious party that he knew nothing of Miſs Ancram's preſent eſcape, nor future plans; that ſhe was neither harboured nor encouraged by him; every room in his reſidence was open to their inſpection. Of this permiſſion they failed not to avail themſelves; when, after the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, they were convinced her they ſo ſeduloufly ſought was not ſecreted at Monſieur Luneville's; thence they proceeded to every houſe where ſhe was known to viſit; Monſieur Holroyd's was not exempted, though fortunately it was the *laſt* place. He with cool civility, and a compoſed countenance, invited them to ſeek (himſelf leading the

way) for the fugitive; they followed through every apartment, until they arrived at Madame Holroyd's chamber, who, her hufband informed them, was confined to her bed by ferious indifpofition, but defired them to enter, and fatisfy their curiofity! In the old *régime*, Frenchmen, however angry, forgot not the attentive *politeffe* due to the fair fex; afhamed of their conduct in breaking abruptly into the chamber of a fick female, they apologized for their intrufion, which they excufed by pleading the neceffity of reftoring Mademoifelle Ancram to her protectrefs the lady abbefs, who was *au défefpoir* at her conduct, being amenable for her fafety to her father, who had recommended his daughter to her particular care! After glancing their eyes round the room, vexed and mortified at their difappointment, they returned to the poor Clares!

With a palpitating heart, Harriet had heard, from her concealment in the *boudoir*, the converfation that had paffed, and as fhe liftened to their receding footfteps, fhe trufted fhe fhould yet efcape. Thofe animated ef-

fusions, that activity of mind possessed by women, which enables them to quickly conceive and promptly execute, on the spur of the moment, plans of finesse, that the more laborious schemer, man, would never think of, was truly verified on the present occasion; for while her *caro sposo* stood astounded at the near approach of danger, not knowing how to dispose of his guest in safety, Madame Holroyd ordered her bed to be drawn against the door of the cabinet, threw off her dress, enveloped her head and face in her night-clothes, desired her husband to regain his composure, and represent her as not being in a convalescent state, but that they should be introduced into her bedchamber; that if he played his part adroitly, she was convinced the drama would end happily!

The plot well laid, the imposition succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. A question now arose, how was Harriet to get out of Rouen; every chaise would be stopped, every diligence subjected to be searched by the command of the wily priesthood, who

poffeffed an authority in that country at the period which we are delineating, "a power beyond the law," that fet juftice and equity at defiance! After a long confultation, various propofals being heard and rejected as dangerous or impoffible, they were again obliged to the fertile imagination of Madame Holroyd, who obferved, "if the neceffity of the moment could reconcile her friend to affume a manly appearance, that one of their footmen was a young lad, nearly of the height and figure of Mifs Ancram, and if fhe would confent to wear a fuit of his clothes, bronze her face to his hue, with the brown paint worn to give the *air militaire* by thofe holiday foldiers who are ambitious of attaining eclat from having feen fervice under a vertical fun! fhe might efcape with fafety."

Both her hearers were charmed at thefe ideas, and exclaimed at once, "what an excellent plan, it muft be crowned with fuccefs!" Harriet, who dreaded nothing fo much as being compelled to return to durance vile within the maffy gates of her late prifon, ftrained her friend to her throbbing

bosom, while ſhe expreſſed her grateful thanks, and avowed her readineſs to acquieſce in whatever ſhe ſhould propoſe for her liberation. Its adoption thus agreed upon, Madame Holroyd proceeded to develop the remainder of her ſcheme, by ſaying,

"On aſſuming the appearance of Louis, you muſt condeſcend to take his place behind the carriage, in which it will be ſuppoſed we are going to our villa; and to more effectually miſlead your enemies, we will ſtrike into a croſs road, and then proceed with you the firſt ſtage to Paris; from whence, I flatter myſelf, you may continue your journey to the metropolis, without fear of moleſtation from either church or ſtate. Your purſuers, thus thrown out, will ſtill think you are concealed in Rouen, or that you have eſcaped by the way of Dieppe to England. To confirm this idea, you muſt write me a note to take leave, ſaying, 'you did not attempt to do ſo perſonally, fearful it might implicate us as aſſiſting your flight.' Speak with much aſperity of your unjuſt detention in the convent, call upon us as

Britons for our congratulations, that you have been able to liberate yourfelf from enforced captivity, and are now on the road to the happy land of freedom!

"On my return to the city, this epiftle, fabricated for the purpofe, I will fubmit to the perufal of a few felect goffips, under the feal of fecrefy, whofe garulous faculties will not fail to give it all the publicity we could wifh; for thefe active females will, in a few hours, promulgate its contents through all the *converzationes* in Rouen."

From the idea that fpies might be placed to watch the movements of the family, and fearful if their carriage left home in the night it would engender fufpicion, and ultimately lead to difcovery, it was therefore arranged by Madame Holroyd, that they fhould get a few hours fleep, and after having fwallowed an early breakfaft, boldly leave St. Severs in the broad glare of day, take the road to their country refidence, and, at a proper moment, diverge from it into that which led to Paris.

This plot, ſo well laid, was moſt adroitly executed, and crowned with ſucceſs. Compelled to perform the remainder of her journey alone, it appeared ſafeſt that Miſs Ancram ſhould ſtill retain the diſguiſe of a boy, though not that of a lacquey. A ſuit of plain clothes, that belonged to her eldeſt ſon, had by his provident mother been put into the *ſacque de nuit*, in which Harriet habited herſelf prior to taking leave of her friends. Under this maſculine garb, ſhe truſted ſhe ſhould reach the capital of France without moleſtation, though, at that eventful moment, it was the ſeat of lawleſs confuſion, revolutionary anarchy, and ſubjected to the control of a vindictive and licentious populace, who, newly emancipated from the ſlavery of deſpotiſm, knew not how to receive the goddeſs of liberty with diſcretion, prudence, or moderation!

She was furniſhed by Monſieur Holroyd with letters of credit upon the houſe of Sir John Lambert, and with an introduction to Mrs. Wentworth, that from their tenor pro-

miſed her with that lady a ſafe aſylum. Her ſpirits renovated by her eſcape from enforced thraldom, her mind buoyant with thoſe flattering hopes, that never wholly forſake the youthful breaſt, "her boſom's lord ſat lightly on its throne." Grateful as ſhe felt for the favours ſhe had received in the arduous hours of adverſity, warmly ſhe expreſſed that gratitude to her worthy friends, from whom ſhe parted with a pang of ſincere regret; but not before ſhe had, with all the ardour of her naturally warm heart, recommended to their notice and protection the oppreſſed, intereſting, and iſolated Chriſtabelle: this they cheerfully promiſed, when tearing herſelf from their embraces, ſhe threw herſelf into the chaiſe that purſued its deſtined courſe with rapidity. The Holroyds returned to their villa, where they propoſed ſleeping that night, and reviſiting Rouen the next day, to produce a fabricated letter, as the beſt method to ſilence inquiries, and prevent purſuit, bringing the conviction that Miſs Ancram was at that moment ſafe in old England.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER parting with her friends ſad and ſorrowful, the perſecuted Maid of Rouen prepared to return to the only reſidence where ſhe could ſeek a place of reſt, the habitation of her guardian. She trembled to enter it, convinced appearances were againſt her; but conſcious of her innocence, ſhe reſolved to pour into the ear of her kind protector, a plain unvarniſhed tale. Depending on the all-powerful force of truth, to bring conviction to his mind that ſhe had been traduced, falſely calumniated, and the motives of her actions baſely miſrepreſented, by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to induce him to withdraw that generous ſupport which he had hitherto, from motives of charity, humanity, and affection, beſtowed upon her, from the hour of her ill-fated birth to the preſent moment.

Thus reſolved, ſhe preſented herſelf before the tribunal that was to judge of her demerits. On her entrance ſhe was received

with ſilent contempt by the ladies, while, from the eyes of her guardian, ſhot angry corruſcations that palſied her faculties. The placid countenance, the ſmile of pleaſure, that uſed to greet his little favourite after the ſlighteſt abſence, was vaniſhed, and he viewed her with the moſt repellent glances. An ice-bolt ſtruck through her heart, ſhe felt the conviction; the lenient, indulgent friend was now changed into a rigid and ſevere judge, who ſeemed neither inclined to hear her ſtory, nor palliate her offences. Her mind agitated by recent events, and her ſpirits depreſſed at parting with the only being, who now ſeemed attached to, or intereſted about her, the cold and cutting reception of her more than father, marſhalled themſelves in dread array before her ſick fancy. Horror-ſtruck at the dreary proſpects that forced themſelves on her imagination; her tongue faltered, her limbs refuſed to ſupport her fragile frame; and this unhappy young creature, the victim of overpowering ſenſation, ſunk into a chair, wholly deprived of ſenſe and motion.

As he viewed this fair lily that meekly bent her head to the pitileſs ſtorm, it brought conviction to his ſenſes, that ſhe was innocent of evil. Her death-like appearance rouſed all that tenderneſs in the boſom of her protector, that had once animated his heart for this child of his adoption. The ſervants were ſummoned, potent volatiles applied without their accuſtomed effect: much alarmed, himſelf helped to convey her to her chamber; but ſo decidedly did life appear to have quitted the fragile form of Chriſtabelle, that the doctor was frantic, wringing his hands, and exclaiming that he had, by following the cruel advice of her enemies, deſtroyed the beſt and moſt eſtimable young creature on which the ſun had ever ſhone. He would not liſten to any thing his ſiſter or niece attempted to urge on the ſubject, nor permit them to ſtop in the room, avowing, that if his dear perſecuted girl was loſt to him through the treatment their malicious inſinuations had induced him to adopt, he would never behold *them* again.

Too tremulous to open a vein himſelf, a neighbouring ſurgeon was ſummoned, who having performed the operation, after a lapſe of ſome time, Monſieur Luneville with rapture felt, by her languid pulſe, that animation was returning. On uncloſing her heavy eyes, they fell on the face of her once kind guardian, when beholding his re-illumined with all its accuſtomed philanthropy, beaming with tenderneſs fixed upon her, as in ſoftened accents he addreſſed her by the appellative of dear child, the ſound fell upon her ear like the down of the cygnet, while the words of love, in which he promiſed ever to be her protector, were a cordial to her lacerated heart, of more efficacy than any the whole *materia medica* could produce. Ordering her to be put immediately to bed, he requeſted her to ſwallow a narcotic draught that would aſſiſt to quiet her agitated ſpirits, ſaying, he would ſee her in the morning. He kiſſed her cheeks, and left her to repoſe.

Reſolved not to meet his ſiſter and niece, feeling the falſe repreſentations of even the

poor Chriſtabelle's moſt innocent actions had occaſioned his late cold treatment, and cruel reception, that night of the child of his adoption; he determined on not joining them at ſupper, nor to hold any intercourſe with her defamers, until he had again ſeen, and given her an opportunity of clearing herſelf from thoſe aſperſions, that her whole conduct, from infancy to the preſent hour, aſſured him were unjuſtly thrown upon her, by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to wean his affections from the unfortunate object of his bounty.

The ſoporific adminiſtered to Chriſtabelle had lulled the too keen ſenſe of ſorrow, that agonizing retroſpect of her forlorn ſituation, which had threatened to terminate in mental annihilation. She lay in a ſtate of morbid quietude till morning: on awaking from reſt procured by art, her mind was confuſed by thoſe ſtrange fantaſies, thoſe vapours of the brain, that opium ſeldom fails to produce on the imagination, before its numbing powers are evaporated! In vain ſhe tried to recall to remembrance the events of the

laſt twenty-four hours; memory only reflected a confuſed chaos; ſhe felt weak, tremulous, and dejected, aſſured ſhe had ſuffered mentally, and bodily, but ſhe could not arrange her ideas, nor give the floating viſions form and ſubſtance, unable to ſay how, where, or why ſhe had been oppreſſed! The ſhock her nerves had received, and the debilitating effects that a powerful narcotic had left on her ſpirits, occaſioned ſighs to heave her boſom, and ſuffuſed her eyes with tears.

In this ſtate of imbecility, that made "reaſon topple on her throne," was our poor heroine found by Monſieur Luneville. He ſaw, and deeply deplored, the ſituation to which he felt he had aided to reduce this intereſting young creature. He beheld the neceſſity of arouſing her from this ſtupor of the faculties to a ſenſe of acute feeling; though conſcious he muſt inflict pain to enable the languid mind to receive pleaſurable ſenſations! No ſtage of mental miſery is ſo overwhelming to the beholder, or ſo dangerous to the ſuffering individual, as

torpid liftlefs apathy; much eafier do the faculty find it to quiet the turbulence of exacerbated violence, than to reanimate and invigorate the underftanding that has been fubjugated by grief, which yields, without a ftruggle, to hopelefs defpondence, corroding melancholy, and black defpair.

He feated himfelf by her bed, ordering fome very ftrong coffee to be brought: he prevailed upon her to fwallow two large cups, and having rubbed her temples and forehead with ftimulating volatiles, he ftoped fome time to witnefs the effect of his prefcription, and beheld, with the moft joyful emotion, that her pulfes quickened, her eyes emitted fome particles of their accuftomed brilliance. From thefe well appreciated figns, he augured that the vapours were vanifhing which had threatened to cloud her reafon, and deftroy the fine texture of a mind formed in nature's moft delicate mould. He flattered himfelf that this fair and tender bloffom might yet be preferved by care and caution. She recognized him, kiffed his hands with fervour, and would have

addreſſed him, had he not laid an embargo on her ſpeaking; he embraced her while tears bedewed his venerable face, but gave his veto againſt converſation, until ſhe was reſtored to convaleſcence. To attain this deſideratum, he recommended her to indulge the propenſity to ſleep, which he perceived was ſtealing over her ſenſes. He gave poſitive orders to her attendant, on no account to admit any perſon into the room till his return.

There was no doubt of this command being complied with, this perſon being her affectionate nurſe, Marian Ange, who had foſtered Chriſtabelle. When left at her huſband's death in diſtreſſed circumſtances, our humane doctor had taken her into his reſidence in the capacity of houſekeeper. This arrangement had not been made without great oppoſition from his ſiſter-in-law; but though, for domeſtic peace, he would yield much, there were points in which he could be peremptory. In his eccentric ideas this was one; in his profeſſional capacity, he had reſcued this poor woman from

a premature grave, and he felt it incumbent on him to render comfortable the life he had thus preferved!

Madame Luneville would have hindered her becoming an inmate of the family, fearing the power of that love fhe bore to the being herfelf hated, would defeat all her purpofes, convinced fhe would not let Chriftabelle be forgotten by her protector, nor her fuperlative perfections want a trumpeter to found forth her praifes, while fhe was encouraged in her favourite theme, ever dwelling with enthufiafm on her infantile tricks, her playful gambols, her budding beauties, her fweet difpofition, and her affectionate heart. To this retrofpective view of the innocent years of the child of his bounty, he "would ferioufly incline an ear;" it reminded him of an *action* in his life, that was worthy a good man, and a Chriftian; an *action* that muft be acceptable to Omnipotence, therefore produced a pleafure that pleafed on reflection.

To Marian Ange he left the care of her idolized nurfeling, who was too attentive

to her charge to permit any of the family to break in upon that repoſe which the doctor had announced ſo neceſſary to Chriſtabelle's reſtoration to health. He prepared to make his round of viſits: his outraged relations having determined on the part they were to act, the wary hypocrites went to his ſtudy to inquire with much ſeeming feeling after his *protegée*, expreſſing their contrition, "that deceived by falſe reports, they had been led into the belief that ſhe was an unworthy character, of whom his favour was ill-beſtowed. Hence aroſe their behaviour laſt night, and what they had repeated to him had been impoſed on them as truth; for the conſequences that had inſued they were *au déſeſpoir*."

Thus they whined out their regrets, "vowing they ſhould know no peace until they were reſtored to his good opinion, and reconciled to the injured invalid, whom they truſted was much recovered, offering their ſervice to nurſe her;" he coolly, but firmly replied to this glozing addreſs, "that until he had heard the tale Chriſtabelle had

to tell in her own defence, which could not be at that moment, her life not being out of danger, it was impoſſible for him to ſay, what they had aſſerted againſt her was not borne out by facts; that whenever an inveſtigation took place, he truſted he ſhould hold the balance of juſtice with an even hand, that the puniſhment due to deception, and hypocriſy, ſhould be awarded to the guilty without prejudice, and without partiality. The ties of conſanguinity ſhould not induce him to forgive the baſe calumniator of an innocent orphan, nor fondneſs for that orphan throw a veil over her errors, if ſufficient proof was adduced, to ſhew that ſhe had committed them to the extent that had been repreſented by thoſe who viewed her as an intruder, that ſtood between them and their intereſt. He bid them remember, that he had always avowed, that he ſhould feel it an incumbent duty to be juſt, before he was generous; but no ſooner ſhould the claims upon his equity be proved nugatory by the unworthineſs of the objects, than he ſhould deem himſelf at

liberty to beſtow a fortune acquired by his arduous exertions, as a reward for grateful attention, unintereſted love, and meritorious behaviour.

Having, with a determined air, and firm voice, announced his intentions, he left his creſt-fallen relatives to deprecate the object of their reſentment, and to arraign each other, for having, by their bad management, ruined themſelves. Madame Luneville had yet a maſter card to play; ſhe knew the romantic ideas of the being ſhe had treated ſo injuriouſly; by turning them to her own advantage, ſhe expected to win the game; ſhe meant by playing off the artful hypocrite, confeſſing contrition for her paſt conduct, to throw the odium of the whole on the deception practiſed on her credulity by the abbeſs of St. Clare, who had poiſoned her mind by a falſe report of her behaviour while in the convent.

She doubted not, by this repreſentation, to be enabled to work upon the generous nature of Chriſtabelle, who would not only yield her own forgiveneſs, but exert her

influence to reconcile her with her protector. It is more than probable, that, aided by our heroine's ſenſe of rectitude, ſhe might have ſucceeded, could ſhe have gained an entrance into her chamber; but this was ſedulouſly guarded by Marian Ange, whoſe powers being ſupported by the poſitive orders of her maſter, not to admit any viſitor until his return, civilly, but peremptorily refuſed her admittance.

Indignant at having her well-arranged ſcheme rendered abortive by the inſolence of a menial, who dared to intercept her paſſage, maugre all the placidity with which ſhe had ſtudiouſly dreſſed her face, paſſion conquered prudence, and ſhe beſtowed on her the moſt opprobrious terms of reproach, threatening that her brother ſhould inſtantly diſcharge her; but finding neither entreaties nor threats would prevail, ſhe made a violent effort to gain a paſſage; here ſhe was again defeated by the cautious Marian, who perceiving her intention to make a forcible entry, oppoſed her ſtrength to her antagoniſt, when hurling her from the

door, ſhe entered, locked it, and conſcious ſhe was only doing her duty by obeying the injunctions of her maſter, ſhe felt no fears of Madam Luneville's attempts, but quietly reſumed her ſtation by the bedſide of the invalid, who, reaſſured by the affectionate behaviour of her guardian, now ſlept profoundly. An anti room lay between her and the combatants; ſhe had not therefore been diſturbed by all her enemy's clamour.

The infuriated Madam Luneville, condemned to behold her laſt efforts baffled by the determined conduct of Marian, reckleſs of the conſequences of her violence, thrown off her wary caution, deaf to the entreaties of the affrighted Mignonne, ſhe avowed her reſolution of inſtantly having the door broke open. For this purpoſe ſhe ſummoned from the garden an honeſt domeſtic, who, like Scrub, took an active part in the various departments of the family: ordering him to inſtantly follow her, ſhe led the way to the gallery into which opened the apartments allotted to Chriſtabelle. Arrived, ſhe commanded him

to force them open. Pierot having been informed by Marian of the dangerous indisposition of their mutual favourite, and that the doctor had enforced the neceffity of her being kept profoundly quiet, pofitively refufed to commit fuch an outrage againft the fick.

In vain, rendered frantic by difappointment, fhe furioufly reiterated her orders: they made no impreffion upon the honeft fellow, who, believing her capable of any atrocity, dreaded being made acceffory to fome deed of defperation that this enraged fury might meditate againft the fair Chriftabelle, whom he had fo often carried in his arms in fmiling infancy. Pierot had been in the houfe at the time of her birth, for to their credit Monfieur Luneville's fmall eftablifhment had grown grey in his fervice; faithful to their truft, he avowed that death only fhould feparate them. This was another of thofe eccentric whims in which the ductile doctor could be peremptory; this caprice he had fortunately avowed on prefenting their new miftrefs, or fhe would

have turned them forth to wander in the firſt week of her power, beholding in them only ſpies on her moſt ſecret actions, whom ſhe dared not truſt, and could not baniſh, therefore was fain to content herſelf by rendering their once comfortable ſituation miſerably wretched, and inſufferably oppreſſive, from her diabolical diſpoſition, which nothing but their firm attachment to the beſt of maſters could have prevailed with them to endure.

Chriſtabelle was adored by them all; they viewed her as an object of love and pity; they ſaw her poor and dependent, like themſelves, under the protection of their worthy maſter. In her fate, there was much for the good to commiſerate — nothing to excite envy in the wicked, but a great deal to admire in her conduct and character, who "bore her power meekly," was kind, affectionate, and conſiderate. Her return from the convent was greeted with joy, and created in their honeſt hearts a little jubilee; for though they dared not celebrate it in acts, yet their faces, exhilarated

by pleaſure, evidently betrayed their ſatiſfaction at the event. It was beheld with ireful vengeance by the vindictive mother and her inſolent daughter, beings who were hated with as much fervor by the domeſtics, as Chriſtabelle was beloved.

Madame Luneville, finding neither promiſes, threats, nor commands, were of any avail to gain an entrance into the ſanctorum of the fair Maid of Rouen, that was guarded with dragon watchfulneſs by her vigilant nurſe, was at her wits end to carry a point ſo eſſential to her intereſt, as was that of making her ſtory good before ſhe again ſaw her guardian, who had ſo decidedly announced that each party ſhould be heard in their own defence. Driven to deſperation, ſhe vented her wrath upon poor Pierot, whom ſhe deſcended to groſsly abuſe, ſaying that he was a vile democrat, who ſpurned control, graſped at equality, and ſought to trample on power; that every maſter now kept under his roof a neſt of aſſaſſins, willing and ready, at the word of their party, to cut the throats of himſelf and family;

that ſhe would periſh under the ruins that would cruſh her country, rather than yield to be governed by ſuch a ſet of contemptible ragamuffins as himſelf and his aſſociates!

Pierot ſtood amazed at thoſe falſe accuſations; for though he had heard with others of the wonderful revolution men's minds and manners had undergone in Paris, and that the fire of freedom had caught in many of the provinces, the combuſtibles having not yet reached Rouen, he was at a loſs to comprehend the terms of reproach ſhe had uſed as appropriate to his preſent character and future intentions. While he indignantly liſtened, and attempted to rebut the injuſtice of her aſſertions, ſhe ſnatched from his hand the ſpade with which he had been digging in the garden, that in haſte to obey her orders he had forgot to throw by. She inſerted it between the door and poſt. Strengthened by rage, ſhe made a furious effort, when the wood-work, being old, gave way with a mighty craſh. Marian, whoſe ear and eye had been applied to one of the chaſms time had made, ſaw the ap-

proach of the enemy, and making a hafty retreat, barricadoed her laft faftnefs, the bed-chamber of our heroine.

Flufhed by fuccefs, Madam Luneville followed up her victory, keeping Pierot at bay with the formidable weapon, who made a vain attempt to difarm her. She attacked, with redoubled vigour, the only redoubt that oppofed her entrance into the citadel. It was now Marian's turn to tremble, fhe feared for the fafety of her fair charge and herfelf, whom fhe doubted not it was this infuriated woman's intention to murder; for what fhort of that could fhe propofe by fuch violent proceedings? While each well-intended ftroke, that threatened the entrance of the foe, ran thrilling through the heart of the defpairing Marian, at the moment when fhe gave up all for loft, fhe was recalled to life, hope, and joy, by hearing the well-known and moft welcome voice of her worfhipped mafter, who bade her fear nothing, but let him in directly. She prepared to obey the fummons with an eagernefs that threatened to defeat her purpofe,

which occaſioned her to double lock, inſtead of opening the door. This at length accompliſhed, he entered pale and breathleſs, ruſhed to the bedſide of the aſtoniſhed Chriſtabelle, who was terrified at all ſhe ſaw and heard. He embraced, and reaſſured her, by promiſing her his love and protection.

Monſieur Luneville felt very miſerable at the alarming ſtate of mental debility in which he had left his *protégée*; it had occaſioned him to ſhorten his viſits to his patients, and he fortunately returned at the critical moment, when another well-aimed blow of the ſpade would have levelled the laſt obſtruction that ſtopped the entrance of Madame Luneville. At the ſight of him the weapon fell from her hand; rage was ſubdued by fear; between mortification, diſappointment, and terror, ſhe fell into ſtrong convulſions. He ordered her to be carried to her room, and proper reſtoratives to be adminiſtered; when, having made a haſty viſit to his ward, and ſpoken a few words of comfort, he retired to his library, and

ſummoned all the witneſſes of his ſiſter's ſtrange and inexcuſable conduct. From theſe he gathered what we have already related; but the motives for her violent behaviour were alone confined to the breaſts of herſelf and daughter. From the latter he partly extorted a confeſſion of the truth, "that it was occaſioned in the hope of conciliating Chriſtabelle to award her forgiveneſs prior to his return; that the fear which had been excited in the minds of the ſervants, and led them to imagine ſome evil was intended againſt her, ſhe could take upon her to ſay was a miſconception, nothing being farther from her mother's intentions than ſubjecting her to any harm."

The wickedneſs of his relative's heart, the violence of her temper, were dreadful drawbacks on his domeſtic comfort. He ſaw the atrocity of her behaviour in its true light, her cruelty to his orphan charge; her ingratitude to himſelf convinced him they muſt *part;* but to perform what even juſtice demanded, agonized with regret his ſuſceptible feelings.

The life of Monſ. Luneville had been, from early youth to reſpectable old age, dedicated to the benefit of his fellow-creatures; wholly employed in the uſeful, eſtimable, and moſt honourable of all profeſſions. The ſtudy of medicine, when properly underſtood, and ſeduloufly attended to, is an art that bleſſes alike the giver and receiver of its benefits. Monſ. Luneville united ſcientific knowledge with ſympathiſing humanity; he deemed it the duty of a phyſician to ſoften by tenderneſs the aſperities of thoſe acute diſeaſes he could not *cure*; to renovate the languid frame, to exert his ſkill, to relume the ſunken eye, and ſtrengthen exhauſted Nature; to reſtore to the agonized parent the child of her hopes, to the ſorrowing wife, the huſband of her affection! Thus, by his exertions, re-uniting all the endearing connections, that enable us to endure the woes of this ſublunary exiſtence! Such as we have attempted to delineate, *ſhould* be the character and conduct of that friend to man, a *good phyſician*, and ſuch in

precept and practice was the excellent Dr. Luneville.

It was a painful consideration to reflect, that this estimable man, in the evening of a well-spent life, when the pains that attend declining years should have been alleviated by affectionate friends; when tender, kind relations, should have smoothed the pillow of suffering, "and rocked the cradle of declining age," that peace should be chased from his dwelling, and comfort from his heart; yet so, alas! it was, and by those whom his kindness had nurtured, his generosity preserved from every care; by their behaviour had his bosom been stung by keen ingratitude, for they had strewed his bed with thorns!

The mask of imposition had fallen, and those deceptive arts practised on his credulity, to injure in his opinion his adopted child, stood confessed, and unveiled, were shewn in all their deformity. Resolved on the conduct it behoved him to pursue, he returned to Christabelle's room, whom he

found risen, and free from all complaints but a depressing languor, occasioned by the shock her nerves had sustained. He addressed her with all that paternal solicitude he was accustomed to shew in the earlier period of her life, telling her, "that for his late conduct, which must have made him appear capricious, unjust, and cruel, he was truly grieved, because there were circumstances which had occurred, that brought forcible conviction to his mind she had been grossly calumniated, and himself basely deceived. He had heard her accusers, and when she found her spirits equal to the task of explaining what appeared enigmatical in their story, he was assured she could clear herself from every aspersion thrown upon her character; but a candid confession of the motives of her actions since she left the convent was not to be dispensed with, for her honour, and his justification of the punishment he meant to inflict upon her enemies!"

Christabelle threw herself at his feet, she embraced his knees, while tears of gratitude for all his kindness suffused her eyes;

ſhe expreſſed her readineſs at that moment to expoſe to his inſpection every ſentiment that actuated her boſom, obſerving, "that had ſhe not been appalled by the reception ſhe met on her return home, ſhe came with the intention to lay her whole heart before him, explain her grievances, and the ſource from whence they ſprung, aſſured of meeting redreſs from his juſtice, though ſhe feared ſhe had been robbed of his affection, being painfully convinced from his cold, reſerved conduct, from the period of her quitting the convent for his hoſpitable manſion, ſhe had loſt his confidence, his mind having been poiſoned by her direſt foes, who, while they were injuring her in his good opinion, were uſing every means that power gave them to render her wretched, and the only houſe ſhe could call her own, inſufferable by their ill treatment, flattering themſelves with the hope ſhe would give a colour to their cruelty, by committing ſome act of imprudence to free herſelf from perſecution, truſting for their ſecurity in what they called her romantic ideas! In that

they were correct, for ſhe had too juſt a ſenſe of the obligation ſhe owed to the protector of her infancy, to hazard his peace of mind, and deſtroy his domeſtic comfort, by complaining of thoſe vile artifices that occaſioned her ſufferings."

Chriſtabelle now entered into a full detail of every event that had happened ſince ſhe left St. Clares; each ſenſation they excited in her innocent heart was committed to his inſpection, the perſecutions of his relatives recounted, her doubts, fears, and hopes, every ſentiment that had actuated her boſom, explained; thus giving cogent reaſons for her whole conduct, bringing down her intereſting ſtory unto the day in which it occurred to her ardent fancy that the ſilence of her dear Harriet, which had ſo much ſurpriſed, diſtreſſed, and grieved her, could ariſe but from one cauſe. It was too unnatural not to be inforced by authority, and why exerted? The anſwer was prompt; ſhe was the victim of friendſhip, condemned by the diſappointed abbeſs to ſuffer for her ſeceſſion from her power. This ſad convic-

tion determined her to make an effort through her intereſt with ſiſter Bertha to convince herſelf if thoſe fears ſhe had engendered were juſt. Alas! ſhe found them verified in their worſt ſenſe.

The aiding her liberation herſelf, ſhe viewed as impoſſible; but might ſhe not, by explaining her ſituation to Monſ. Holroyd, who was her father's friend, induce him to exert his intereſt in her favour; but ſhould this application fail, ſhe reſolved to offer herſelf a *willing* ſacrifice to conventual durance, to reſtore her beloved Harriet to that freedom which ſhe well knew was the actuating principle of her mind, that ſhe viewed as the grand deſideratum of life, whoſe poſſeſſion could alone render exiſtence a bleſſing. Having thus far, to the honour of her head and heart, accounted for her viſit to the monaſtery, ſhe proceeded to ſpeak of their wonderful eſcape, and well knowing ſhe might with ſafety truſt her guardian with Miſs Ancram's place of concealment, ſcrupled not to mention her as under the protection of Monſ. Holroyd, nor

to develop as much of her future plan as ſhe was at that time acquainted with.

Every look, every word of the intereſting narrator, portrayed the forcefulneſs of truth, and impreſſed conviction on her delighted auditor, ſtrong as proof of "holy Writ." From this unvarniſhed recital, or for the high-wrought honourable ſenſations that gave a motive to the actions of his now properly appreciated *elêve*, he could not think too highly. Her character roſe upon his view, having received added brilliancy; for, tried in the crucible of adverſity, purified by ſuffering, it came forth like gold without alloy! Monſ. Luneville having beſtowed his approbation on all ſhe had done, and ſolicited her forgiveneſs for what ſhe had endured through and from him, he proceeded to his own juſtification, by expoſing the optical deceptions that were too ſucceſsfully practiſed on his credulity, to injure her, and deceive him. With the intuitive perception of an author, we will proceed to develop cauſes, and their effects, to prevent the unavoidable verboſity of a dialogue, that from its nature was ſubjected to

frequent interruptions from the aſtoniſhed liſtener, producing thoſe minute explanations, that were a neceſſary clue to the unravelment of the net ſpread with ſo much artifice to enmeſh our poor heroine.

CHAP. IX.

MADAME LUNEVILLE had laid her nefarious plots deeply, and conducted them adroitly; but, fortunately for Chriſtabelle, they were not crowned with ſucceſs. We have already given a ſketch of the mother and daughter who managed the houſe, perſon, and purſe of their generous relative, whoſe guileleſs heart never ſuſpected any of the numerous ways by which he was daily impoſed upon by thoſe domeſtic demons, who were ambitious, jealous, envious, and avaricious; to gratify the latter, they determined no one ſhould ſhare with them the fortune of Monſieur Luneville. From a child they had always hated and feared the power of his *protégée*; but while ſhe was a ſecluded penſioner in the poor Clares, in which they reſolved ſhe ſhould be immured for life, their rancour did not break out into action. To facilitate her becoming a nun, a deſideratum ſo

devoutly wiſhed by Madame Luneville, ſhe joined iſſue with the lady abbeſs in her plot againſt our heroine, promiſing, on her taking the veil, ſhe would preſent a douceur to the community of a thouſand livres, in addition to the very handſome ſum they would be entitled to upon that event.

Their avaricious minds, in perfect uniſon, became cemented by mutual intereſt, and flattered with the hope of ſucceſs from the high romance that filled the ardent imagination of their intended victim. With ideas thus heated, the wily abbeſs aſſured herſelf of ultimate ſucceſs. How far her ſpecious arts had gained her an aſcendency over Chriſtabelle, has been already ſhewn; and that ſhe would have gratified her enemies through the ſeductive machinations of the treacherous abbeſs, will not admit of a doubt, had not Harriet Ancram's greater experience of human nature, and her ſincere affection for her friend, drawn from her the cauſe of her changed manners, and unnatural reſolution, and called to her aid the perſuaſive power of her guardian to

ſnatch her from the brink of that precipice, that threatened to ingulph for ever, her peace, freedom, and happineſs.

With ſo much promptitude, ſecrecy, and wiſdom, had ſhe conducted her ſcheme to liberate Chriſtabelle from the machinations of her enemies, that even the knowledge that her intentions were ſuſpected, was not gueſſed by the *ſupérieure*, until, being executed with energy, ſhe found her victim had eſcaped her power. Mortified and enraged to find her plots traverſed by two girls, (for ſhe had no doubt of the active part taken by Miſs Ancram,) ſhe hurled all the anathemas of the church againſt the culprits with the fury of a diſappointed bigot, moſt ſanctimoniouſly vowing to immolate to her vengeance the one ſhe ſtill retained in her poſſeſſion! Had this pious *dévotee* filled the papal chair as vicegerent of St. Peter, tremendous would have been the puniſhment of thoſe who had dared to eſcape from her trammels; bulls of excommunication would have been fulminated, and the delinquents, put out of the pale of the church,

would have been given up to its perſecutions without redreſs or mercy.

If theſe relentleſs and revengeful ſenſations filled the mind, and actuated the chaſte boſom of a holy recluſe, who had vowed, on the altar of her God, to dedicate her life to his ſervice, to practiſe all the charities, to nurture all the virtues, to ſubdue by prayer and penitence thoſe turbulent paſſions that revel in the heart of the wordly ſinner; what then muſt have been the aſtoniſhment, rage, and mortification that poſſeſſed the mind, and agonized the black hearts of the Lunevilles, on beholding the deteſted Chriſtabelle, blooming in beauty, and rich in talents, led proudly in by their exulting relative, who announced he had brought them an ineſtimable companion in his charming child, whom he meant ſhould no more return to St. Clares, but, forming a part of his family, finiſh her ſtudies under his inſpection. He requeſted his ſiſter to order the three rooms that were occupied by his beloved wife to be prepared for her reception; meaning they ſhould be appro-

priated to her ſeparate uſe, that ſhe might purſue unmoleſted, thoſe mental acquirements, from which ſhe had already derived ſo much fame.

He might, for hours, have ſpoken on a theme ſo pleaſing to himſelf, without being interrupted by one word from either the aſtoniſhed mother or daughter; they ſat as if transfixed by a thunderbolt, unprepared to meet this baſiliſk to their preſent hopes and future expectations; their uſual cautious hopocriſy, like a falſe friend, forſook them in their greateſt need; until, not daring to enter on the odious ſubject, leſt they ſhould commit themſelves, they both, as if by joint conſent, aroſe, and precipitately left the room, ſaying, they would go and ſee his orders executed, and the apartments properly prepared for the accommodation of Mademoiſelle Chriſtabelle. Monſieur Luneville was too happy in having regained the ſociety of his favourite, and too well pleaſed in having induced her to give up the idea of quitting the world, hoping ſhe would exhilarate thoſe hours of relaxation ſtolen

from the toils of his profeſſion, enlivening them by her improved underſtanding, to keenly ſcrutinize the ſtrange behaviour of his relatives, never very gracious in their manners. He was not particularly ſtruck by their cool reception of his *elève*. Saluting her cheek with paternal affection, he expreſſed the conviction, that to her attentive kindneſs and improved underſtanding, he ſhould owe the happineſs of thoſe days that, in the courſe of nature, could not be many.

Chriſtabelle no ſooner found herſelf alone, than the frigid reception ſhe had met from the inmates of that houſe, that was now to be her only home, and who were to be her conſtant companions, depreſſed her ſpirits, and chilled her heart with melancholy preſentiments. Though ſhe arouſed all her little ſtock of philoſophy, to enable her to endure with patience the inevitable evils of her ſituation, yet ſhe trembled at the gloomy proſpect the world preſented to her view. Amid the various ſtudies from which the two friends ſought improvement and amuſement, that of

phyſiognomy held a diſtinguiſhed place. Miſs Ancram had, among the books ſelected by her father, a ſuperb quarto edition of Lavater. Chriſtabelle delighted to ponder over its pages as an exerciſe for fancy and reflection. The author's reaſoning brought conviction to her mind, that the human face divine was its true index, in which "men might read ſtrange matter." By ſedulous attention, this diſciple of the ſage of Zurich became an adept in that art which promiſed, in her intercourſe with the world, to be of infinite ſervice, inſtructing her to form by the features, a juſt eſtimate of the actuating principles of the heart; for the countenance could not be veiled from the keen obſervation of a Lavaterian.

It was from knowledge thus acquired, that ſhe was enabled to view all the baneful paſſions that filled the boſoms of the mother and daughter on her introduction to them by her guardian. From perſons of their diabolical diſpoſitions, ſhe foreſaw ſhe was doomed to experience every mortification their malice had the power of inflicting in

the abſence of her protector, to whom ſhe determined to utter no complaints, but to endure in ſilence the treatment of his vindictive relatives. Soothing the ſorrows ſhe vaticinated, by preſſing to her heart the flattering unction of hope, truſting ſhe ſhould be recompenſed for acting right by the love of her guardian, and the friendſhip of her dear Harriet, into whoſe boſom ſhe could pour forth her cares, and receive the ameliorating balm of tender commiſeration; it has been ſhewn how the ſanguine ideas of youthful fancy were diſappointed by the artifices of her determined foes.

By a ſtrange concatenation of events, that are ſometimes permitted for wiſe reaſons, that weak mortals cannot fathom, "to juſtify the laws of God to man," Chriſtabelle was plunged into an adventure with the Engliſh traveller, and ſaved by the promptitude and humanity of Lord Everſley from a premature death. This occaſioned a viſit of inquiry on the following morning from his Lordſhip, who was refuſed admit-

tance by order of the enraged Madame Luneville, dreading Chriſtabelle's being ſeen by this nobleman, who might with all the romance of his countrymen, when caught by a pretty face, make a lady of what ſhe denominated an outcaſt of ſociety.

Mignonne, who had cogent reaſons for executing a ſcheme of her own, in which ſhe meant not to put her mother in her confidence, was too eager to attain her purpoſe to weigh the conſequences of its failure, and fell into the ſnare laid by the more wary Hector Sarcaſm. The *mal-à-propos* appearance of Miſs Ancram, whoſe knowledge of that gentleman had expoſed the conduct of each party to her animadverſion, which ſhe was convinced would not be long a ſecret to the Maid of Rouen, whoſe character ſhe had aſſumed to forward her ſcheme, Mignonne now made a precipitate retreat, compelled to return home, and meet the angry reproaches of her mother and uncle. Her mortification did not ſtop here, the ſtory of the Britiſh knight, and the would-be Lady Everſley, ſoon became the

laugh of the whole town. The ridicule attached to his family, which ſubjected our good doctor to endure blame by implication, ſank deep in his mind, and corroded his heart.

The enraged Madame Luneville, not content with one victim to her power, reſolved to immolate Harriet Ancram to her deſire of vengeance, whom ſhe believed had been an active agent in liberating Chriſtabelle from the convent. To accompliſh this immediately on her viſit at their houſe, ſhe flew to the poor Clares, and having obtained a private conference with the equally vexed and diſappointed abbeſs, the plan of impriſonment and perſecution was agreed to be adopted by thoſe unſexed females. Well pleaſed with her ſucceſsful negociation, ſhe returned to the city, convinced, having no one to adviſe with, nor to rouſe her to energy in her own cauſe, the oppreſſed Chriſtabelle was now wholly at her diſpoſal.

Madame Luneville, infatuated by a blind affection for the unworthy Mignonne, was, by

her crocodile tears, and promises of amendment, prevailed upon to forgive, and receive her into her confidence. In consequence of this re-union, a train was laid to ruin the poor isolated orphan in the opinion of her only friend, whose unsuspecting nature it was agreed to work upon by deceptive falsehood, wresting her most innocent words and actions to their purposes, by painting them in colours of the blackest die. This story was told with a plausibility by his sister, that might have imposed upon the most sceptical; her well arranged tale being calculated to bring conviction to his mind, that his favourite had forfeited, by her late conduct, every pretension to his future favour, affection, and confidence.

"That Christabelle had, by the advice and assistance of her English companion, practised every deceptive art to impose upon his easy credulity: hence arose the letter from that lady, so well calculated to alarm him, by holding out the threat of his *elêve* meditating to take the veil, when nothing was farther from her real intention; it was

to induce him to liberate her from a confinement that ſhe had long felt irkſome. Madame obſerved, " this was particularly neceſſary at the moment it was accompliſhed. Miſs Ancram finding, by her London correſpondents, thoſe Engliſh gentlemen whom you have ſeen were going upon a tour to the continent, and the time when they were to be in Rouen, it was agreed that Chriſtabelle ſhould croſs the bridge at a given hour, to throw herſelf in the way of Lord Everſley, whoſe head being ſoft, and his heart compoſed of very combuſtible materials, it was expected by theſe ambitious girls, that the latter would inſtantly take fire when it ſhould come in contact with the bright eyes of Chriſtabelle. Miſs Ancram had long admired, and been admired by, Sir Everard Ardent, and had conſented to fly with him to Paris: whether her friend ſhould gain a lover or not, ſhe was to be the companion of her flight. This arrangement would be expedited by her being taken from the convent, as it would not be eaſy for two at the ſame time to eſcape from

the watchful dragons who guarded thofe chafte virgins intombed within its confecrated walls.

"Thefe artful manœuvres were defeated by the bridge being unclofed, and the faculties of Chriftabelle wholly abforbed by what was paffing in her mind, which, but for his Lordfhip, would have occafioned a moft tragical *dénouement* to the farce: this they had not reckoned upon in the chapter of accidents; your appearance, and the fainting of the terrified novice, were events they had not been prepared againft. This brought a vifit from Mifs Ancram on the next day, to condole with her friend, and deplore the unlucky termination of their little plot. This active lady, not to be totally idle, *pour paffer le temps*, as a good joke fpirited up the infolent Hector Sarcafm to perfonate Lord Everfley, and, under that character, to impofe on the innocent, unfufpecting heart of her dear Mignonne; that had it not been for the prudent precaution of the abbefs, who had confined Mifs Ancram within the gates of St. Clares, forbidding any letters

to be received that were directed to that young lady, or any from her forwarded, until committed to her inſpection, there was not a doubt but herſelf and his *protégée* would at that moment be the willing companions of thoſe heretic libertines."

This deleterious poiſon, this death-dealing potion, was not adminiſtered in one doſe, being poured in his ears in ſmall particles, and at well choſen times, allowing it to work upon his agitated nerves to excite the ſtronger feeling. The ſtory was well managed to gain belief, being put together with much ſeeming appearance of probability, that as he pondered over the effects that had been produced, he felt inclined to credit the cauſes from which they appeared to naturally reſult. To give more ſtability to what they had aſſerted, and aid the deception, ſhe produced ſeveral torn billets, written in Engliſh, in a female hand, and ſigned, H. Ancram. Their purport aſſiſted to corroborate all that ſhe had avowed. Madame Luneville accounted for their coming into her poſſeſſion, by ſaying " they

were found in their present dilapidated ſtate in the chimney of Chriſtabelle's boudoir, which ſhe ſuppoſed, knowing they were wrote in a language that the ſervants could not read, were ſafe from their prying curioſity; but the *femme de chambre*, fearing to burn what might be of conſequence, had brought them to her, who, conſcious they would convince her dear brother the ſtory ſhe had thought it her duty to tell, was by theſe vouchers proved an incontrovertible fact, ſhe had kept, and now preſented them for his inſpection."

This plan, ſo artfully arranged, ſtaggered the firm faith of Monſieur Luneville in the innocence of his once adored *elêve;* yet, though urged by his vindictive ſiſter to throw "her like a loathſome weed away," his good heart could not forget how very dear ſhe once was to that heart, nor help feeling for her deſerted ſtate, ſhould he conſent to give her up to her own paſſions, ſubject her to the devices of a wilful woman, and the unprincipled machinations of ſeductive man "labouring for his purpoſe." He

therefore came to a determination to carefully watch her conduct with the most sedulous attention while he retained her under his protecting roof, and take his future measures from the observations a severe scrutiny should produce. This exposed the interesting Christabelle, in his absence, to endure from his relatives all the sarcastical taunts, and contumelious insults, that defeated malice could produce, and " patient merit from the unworthy takes." The glozing artifices employed by her enemies were, alas! but too successful, imperceptibly robbing her of his good opinion, and occasioning that coolness in his manner, and rigour in his treatment of his once cherished darling, who passed her days in sorrow, and nightly bedewed her pillow with tears of bitter regret, that elicited feelings deeply wounded by unmerited neglect.

Thus passed the time of our poor heroine from the eventful morning of Mïgnonne's adventure with Hector Sarcasm. She wholly secluded herself in the apartments allotted to

her uſe, practiſing the leſſons of inſtruction ſhe had received, or in ſtudying her favourite authors. This correct conduct, her time being wholly dedicated to uſefulneſs, was moſt gratifying to her guardian's hopes, who augured from it reflections that muſt produce repentance for the paſt, and amendment for the future. Theſe were the ſentiments that filled his breaſt, until that eventful day on which Chriſtabelle, propelled by the overpowering impulſe of affection and gratitude, reſolved on a viſit to the poor Clares, determined with a *Roman firmneſs* to devote herſelf to perpetual ſlavery, to enfranchiſe her ſuffering friend!

The family of the Lunevilles were from home at the time Chriſtabelle quitted the houſe, and before they returned, the clamour raiſed by the ſeceſſion of Miſs Ancram from the convent met them in every ſtreet, who, it was ſaid, had knocked down the portreſs, poſſeſſed herſelf of the keys, locked in the nuns, and decamped, accompanied by the Maid of Rouen, who had aſſiſted in the execution of this vile ſcheme. The mother

and daughter, elated with joy, congratulated each other on an event, which they foresaw, if properly managed, would prove the most fortunate circumstance that could have happened; for would it not be such a confirmation of all they had laboured to impress upon the mind of their unsuspecting relatives, that every doubt would vanish before the conviction such an atrocious act must produce on his sense of female propriety?

At this period, mutual interest had again united the mother and daughter, and opened their hearts to confidence,—"they held sweet counsel together," how most effectually to destroy the innocent object of their hatred. Mignonne observed she had sometimes met at Monf. Dumont's, a young gentleman who was a *commis* in the house of Hereux & Co. bankers. He had received his education in England, and was perfectly *au fait* in the language of that country, and so very clever, that he could imitate any hand; he was very polite to her, and she dared say he might be prevailed upon to translate some billets she would write, as

from Miſs Ancram to her friend, that would aſſiſt to convince her uncle, when committed to his inſpection, that all they had, or ſhould affirm, was mere matter of fact.

On this delectable information, the abandoned mother embraced with rapture her equally abandoned daughter, praiſing her prompt contrivance, that gave them full aſſurance of ſucceſs.—Mignonne well knew ſhe had not engaged for more than ſhe could perform; Gerard Longuemain, maugre having a ſtake in the game they were playing, was a fit coadjutor in any wicked ſcheme. He poſſeſſed a head fertile in contrivance, a heart devoted to any miſchief, a boſom indurated by principles the moſt atrocious, and a conduct the moſt depraved. Add to theſe propenſities a fierce demeanour, and a ſpirit not to be ſubdued by fears of either God or man. Thus gifted, he was prepared to take a conſpicuous part in thoſe tragedies now acting by the *terroriſts* on that great theatre of rapine, cruelty, and murder, the once emporium of arts and elegance, the capital of France!

By this miſcreant were fabricated thoſe notes that were impoſed upon Monſ. Luneville as Miſs Ancram's. Admitted to their confidence, no ſooner was the flight of the friends announced, than Gerard was ſummoned to council, and his aſſiſtance ſolicited: in this exigence he readily complied, and ſoon produced the following letter:

DEAR CHRISTABELLE,

"I AM reſolved to ſubmit no longer to have our well-concerted plan of happineſs procraſtinated, perhaps annihilated, by an hypocritical, canting old devotee; nor conſent to have my ardent ambitious ſpirit confined within the hateful walls of a convent; nor ſhall my ſweet friend be condemned to endure the lynx-eyed vigilance of that avaricious, envious, ſtraight-laced Madame Luneville, and her little, inſolent, ugly daughter. No more ſhall ſhe eat the bread of dependance, ſteeped in the tears of mortification, given grudgingly by that formal old *Quiz* her guardian!—No, my charming girl, prepare to follow my orders, and we

ſhall ſoon be enabled with happy hearts to ſing *Te Deum* for our reſtoration to all the joys of freedom in that dear land of liberty, whoſe legiſlators have emancipated the ſlave from his galling chains, even from 'Indus to the Pole!'

"You will be amazed, dear Chriſtabelle, how I have been enabled to counteract the orders of the abominable *ſupérieure*, by getting my former notes and preſent letter to paſs the ordeal of ſiſter Bertha's diligent inſpection. When we meet, I will enter into the minutiæ of the buſineſs; at this moment my throbbing heart filled with doubt, hope, and love, I have only time to ſay, you would not wonder, had you, like himſelf, beheld the all-attractive powerful magnetic influence of gold on the ſenſe of ſight and touch of mere mortals! But of this be aſſured, the potent ſpell acts with equal forcefulneſs on the frigid boſom of the chaſte virgin, in deſpite of her vow to embrace poverty as the greateſt good, as it doth on that of the petreſcent miſers; like him, the ſolitary recluſe delights to amaſs a

hoard to daily view, and count over the ſhining metal, that neither the nun, nor the uſurer, have a wiſh to beſtow on another, nor the heart to uſe for their own advantage, or the capability of enjoying or diſſipating their greedily acquired wealth.

"Every thing is *en train* for our flight, not into Egypt, but to delightful England; our love-ſick travellers are at Dieppe, waiting in eager expectation our arrival. A chaiſe and four is conveniently ſituated to receive us. Ah! but how to get to it, is the queſtion? The anſwer will in a great meaſure depend upon your good generalſhip: thus, then, it muſt be contrived. — Wait your opportunity, ſteal quietly forth from the den of deſpair, come to the convent gate; while you hold the old portreſs in converſation, I, who have the run of the garden, will, on hearing your well-known ſweet voice, join you. We will ruſh with youthful vigour on the old Cerberus that guards the portal of purgatory, ſeize the keys, faſten her into her dormitory, and then try what willing minds and fleet limbs can do to libe-

rate us from deſpotic tyranny and enforced durance!

"But I charge you, on your allegiance to the commander-in-chief of this daring enterprize, not to bring with you to the field of action, tremulous enervating fears, timid doubts, nor diſcouraging terrors. Truſt to my energies, and all will be well; our exertions crowned with ſucceſs, we ſhall ſoon be landed on the dear little iſland, and laugh over our hair-breadth ſcapes and romantic adventures, when haply they are paſt. Loſe not a moment on the receipt of this, but fly to her who is ever your's in faith and truth.

H. ANCRAM."

This artful fabrication was wholly the production of the vile Longuemain's prolific brain, for neither of the ladies poſſeſſed abilities for its compoſition. The pretended plot he deſcribed with ſo much exactitude was a taſk of no difficulty; for the manner how their flight was effected was in the mouth of every one. No ſooner were they

furniſhed with credentials of ſo much conſequence to aid their deceptive ſchemes, than they hurried home, where they were immediately joined by Monſieur Luneville, evidently vexed and mortified, he having heard of the elopement.

His ſiſter allowed him no breathing-time for reflection, before ſhe produced Longuemain's delectable epiſtle as a key to the unravelment of the whole buſineſs. On his inquiring how it came into her poſſeſſion, prepared for the queſtion, her anſwer was prompt; that, "directly after he went out, it was delivered to Chriſtabelle by that ſly huſſey Marian, that on its receipt ſhe retired, and after peruſing it, wrapt herſelf in a long veil, eager to comply with its contents; thinking ſhe had put it in her pocket, it had dropped on the ground.

"Some time had elapſed, when Mignonne, who had entered her apartment in ſearch of a pencil, found it, and brought it to her. On reading its abominable contents, ſhe haſtened to the convent, hoping to be in time to prevent their meditated eſcape, but

was too late, the alarm having been given, and the agitated populace were flocking to St. Clares in every direction. She concluded her harangue, by volubly pouring forth every opprobrious term anger could dictate, or malice invent againſt the injured Chriſtabelle," whom, after having peruſed the horrid fiction, her protector feared he muſt abandon to her fate. Oppreſſed by conflicting paſſions as he reviewed the paſt, and reflected upon the preſent, his head throbbed, and his heart ſickened. He went to the ſide-board, and ſwallowed a glaſs of Burgundy, which enabled him to examine the ſervants, who all agreed, that Mademoiſelle had left the houſe ſoon after himſelf, and had not yet returned. Of the receipt of the packet, none could ſpeak; Marian had been accuſed as the bearer, but with much *naïveté*, ſhe poſitively denied her having delivered any to her dear perſecuted child.

This examination was interrupted by the appearance of a numerous cavalcade, conſiſting of prieſts and laity, who, in their

progrefs from the monaftery, had been joined by the idle and the curious, all eager to unite in purfuit of the youthful culprits. Upon arriving at Monfieur Luneville's, they entered the faloon *fans ceremonie*, from whom thofe fons of the church, with brief authority, demanded the objects of their fearch, which not finding after a fevere fcrutiny, they departed, much difappointed, to make their domiciliary vifits elfewhere, in hopes of better fuccefs.

Nothing was further from the ideas of the exulting mother and daughter, than the unexpected, and unwifhed-for return of Chriftabelle, whom they had flattered themfelves into the belief had really taken wing. Struck dumb by her appearance, and choaked by rifing paffion, they could not find words, to give vent to their boiling rage, while the tortured heart of her guardian fuffufed with grief and anger, which ftrove for maftery in that countenance which once beamed on her, fraught with all the virtues of his fufceptible nature. Its terrible effect on the trembling and oppreffed object of his

affection has been ſhewn. Having thus explained the vile duplicity employed to deceive this good man into a belief that ſhe was no longer worthy of his protection; as a juſtification for his change of behaviour, we will return to him and the child of his adoption, now ſuperlatively happy on being reſtored to each other's confidence, eſteem, and love. Every doubt being diſſipated, thus, while mutual explanations, and candid avowals were paſſing in the chamber of our heroine; chagrin, diſappointment, and mortification were the corroding inmates of the boſoms of her enemies, who helped to puniſh themſelves for their nefarious conduct, by bitter reflections, and uſeleſs recriminations on each other. Convinced they had nothing to hope after Chriſtabelle had told her own tale, her triumph would be complete, and their defeat certain.

Monſieur Luneville, having taken his reſolutions how it became him to act, did not keep them long on the tenter-hooks of expectation: not allowing himſelf to be an-

nounced, he entered the apartment of his relatives in the midſt of their altercation; his ſtep was firm, his port erect, and determined deciſion marked his countenance, while he viewed them with fixed attention. Conſcious their doom was decided, and that they had nothing to offer in their own defence, their eyes fell under his keen glance of reproof, as ſhuddering they awaited the award of their perfidy. After an appalling pauſe, he thus addreſſed his ſiſter.

"Well, Madam, may you tremble before the man whoſe confidence and kindneſs you have ſo cruelly abuſed for lucre of gold, for luſt of power, neither of which were ever withheld from you by me, yet for theſe you have diſgraced yourſelf and your connections, and ſeduloufly ſtrove to injure a hapleſs orphan, whoſe forlorn and deſerted ſituation, as a mother, you ſhould have commiſerated, as a woman, alleviated. On the contrary, you have laboured by falſe repreſentations to induce me to throw her from my protection, when arrived at an age ſhe would moſt need it; a conduct

which, had I adopted, would have loaded with ignominy the termination of a long life, that it has hitherto been my ſtudy to dedicate to the good of my fellow creatures.

"From the moment of my late brother's demiſe, whoſe improvident expenditure left you and his child poor and friendleſs, I took you to my arms, and to my heart, made you the miſtreſs of my houſe, where every comfort, every pleaſure, my limited fortune could procure, were at your command. Though I felt an almoſt paternal love for the child of my adoption, yet I was conſcious, while ſhe poſſeſſed my heart, ſhe had no legal claims upon my fortune, — that imperious juſtice demanded the bulk of my property ſhould devolve to the daughter of my brother, in whoſe veins flowed the blood of my family, — it was her's by right of primogeniture. I never made any ſecret that the few hundreds that I received for the firſt five years of her life, as a remuneration for my care of Chriſtabelle, I meant to appropriate to her uſe. Convinced that

ſecrecy ſeldom augurs good, I was prepared for her total deſertion by the baſe authors of her exiſtence. I therefore never touched the principal, and have let the intereſt accumulate. I claim no merit for this, it was only acting as the guardian of a defenceleſs orphan ſhould act.

"It was the dying requeſt of the eſtimable partner of my exiſtence, that I would not forſake the infant who had none to help her; this ſacred promiſe your arts had nearly made me break. The ſmall ſum I have alluded to, it was my intention on my demiſe to have doubled, but never to have enriched the child of a ſtranger by ſpoils taken from my own niece, feeling that ſhe had from conſanguinity ſtronger claims."

The mother and daughter, perceiving they had defeated by chicane what honeſty would have inſured them the poſſeſſion of, pretending to be overpowered by ſuch unexampled goodneſs, ſuch unexpected generoſity, threw themſelves at his feet, embraced his knees, ſobbing forth their gratitude, and imploring his forgiveneſs.

He raiſed them with an unmoved countenance, requeſting to be heard to an end without interruption; and then proceeded. —"I have been thus explicit, to convince you, that a proper and correct conduct on your parts, would have inſured you that wealth of which your crooked policy is about to deprive you." At this avowal their grief became clamorous. He requeſted, with much *ſang-froid*, they would "allow him to explain his deſigns for their own ſakes; that he could not conſent to paſs the remnant of his days in the ſociety of thoſe who had ſtrove to imbitter them with regret and ſhame. Their continuing inmates of his houſe after the preſent day was entirely out of the queſtion; neither party could ever view the other with confidence or kindneſs: he had already ſacrificed too many years of his life to what he thought the claims of duty; he therefore meant the few which their ingratitude had helped to ſhorten, ſhould be dedicated to the ſoothing attentions of affectionate tenderneſs.

"Though too well aſſured you are no

longer worthy my notice, nor can I aſſociate with you as friends and relatives, I do not mean to throw you from my protection without enabling you to obtain the real comforts of life. Theſe ſhall be provided for you; but neither its gaieties nor ſplendours; which ſhould be the reward of well-doing. I feel it incumbent on me only to provide you with the decencies of exiſtence; nor muſt your reſidence be in this city; a quiet ſolitude, which will give time for a ſilent retroſpection of thoſe enormities that have baniſhed you from the intercourſe of an affectionate relative, may produce repentance, and that, amendment. Nothing ſhort of conviction that ſuch has been the reſult of my lenity, can ever give you any claims to my forgiveneſs, or future hopes of ſharing that fortune you have deſcended to ſuch illicit practices to obtain ſurreptitiouſly."—Perceiving them about to ſpeak, he interrupted them by obſerving, "you are now acquainted with my fixed determinations, from which nothing you can at preſent urge can induce me to abrogate.

"I leave you to reflect upon my offers, and when you have decided whether you shall accept them on the terms proposed, I wish you to signify as much in a note. I will then put matters *en train* for your leaving Rouen, which you must feel is rendered, by the coquettish folly of Mignonne, and your own wicked conduct, no longer a desirable residence for either. I have sent to inquire, and you can be accommodated with decent lodgings at Madame Tyranneau's, where you may repair until the agent I have employed has procured you a cottage in some pleasant village in the environs of the city, which, for both our sakes, shall be sought immediately."

On the departure of their relative a complicated scene was exhibited of tears, fainting and raving fits, produced by disappointment, wounded pride, and the mortification of being obliged to receive the means of support on the hard terms dictated by him, whom they designated under the titles of an insolent, purse-proud, old dotard, and loaded with reproaches and abuse,

while the moſt opprobrious epithets were uttered in terms the moſt virulent malice could beſtow on the object of his adoration and their hatred. After eaſing their hearts of that black gall with which they overflowed, they found themſelves compelled, by thoſe imperious circumſtances in which their crimes had placed them, to accept his offered protection on the terms propoſed. A note was wrote to ſignify as much, and a *fiacre* was ſent for to convey them and their baggage to Madam Tyranneau's, whom our readers will recollect in the vain garrulous *marchande des modes*, who was introduced to their notice on the evening of the bridge adventure.

The late penſeroſo movements of the inmates of Monſieur Luneville's reſidence, in the ſhort ſpace of a few hours, had been changed to allegro! What a bracer of the nerves, an exhilarator of the ſpirits, is content! It would be difficult for us to find colours ſufficiently vivid to paint the lively countenances, glowing with happineſs, of his ſmall domeſtic eſtabliſhment. Joy and

gladneſs were expreſſed in every face on witneſſing the diſgraceful departure of the mother and daughter, ſubjected to whoſe tyrannic ſway they had for years groaned under a worſe than Egyptian bondage. Their exultations at this unhoped-for freedom would not brook control, but ſhewed itſelf in a hundred ebullitions of frantic mirth. In this careleſs, gay, lively people, who enjoy the preſent moment, the pleaſure that warms their hearts is ſhewn in every action, pourtrayed in every animated feature, and exhibited in every flexible limb. They congratulated themſelves, and embraced each other on their deliverance from thraldom; they ſung, danced, and laughed without end, and without meaſure. In truth, gentle Reader, theſe enviable mortals were too happy to be wiſe.

Marian, though leſs clamorous in her mirth, was not leſs pleaſed with the occurrence that excited theirs. She promiſed, if they would check their rejoicings until their beloved maſter, and her dear Chriſtabelle were retired for the night, ſhe would pro-

vide a little collation to mark the era of their manumiſſion from ſlavery, and celebrate the day that had witneſſed the triumph of virtue, and the downfall of vice.

This promiſe was faithfully performed by the preſiding genius of the "*Salle à manger*," who was gratified on beholding happy hearts and chearful faces ſurrounding the feſtal board. Health and content gave a zeſt to the humble treat, which was ſwallowed with a *goût* by the joyous gueſts that might have created envy in the votaries of expenſive pleaſures and faſhionable diſſipation, who are ever purſuing the phantom of happineſs, and meeting diſappointment, that follows them through the weariſom routine of grand dinners, ſplendid aſſemblies, and brilliant fêtes, and allures the pallid appetite of the epicurean, until repletion produces ſatiety; while the "table groans beneath the weight of the feaſt," wiſdom turns with a ſigh of regret from the luxurious banquet, exclaiming,—

"Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd bring ſincere delight;
But fools create themſelves new appetites."

Charity contemplates the ſcene with commiſeration, and adverſity drops a tear of ſympathy over the waſteful prodigality that the famiſhed children of poverty are forbidden to taſte.

Chriſtabelle was deſired by her guardian, aſſiſted by Marian, to take upon herſelf the management of his houſe; and the day after the ſeceſſion of Madame, Monſieur Luneville, with all the gallantry of a courtier in the reign of Louis XV. led the bluſhing Chriſtabelle to the head of his table, where he entreated ſhe would honour him by preſiding, until ſhe quitted it for one of her own. Her tender heart felt for the mortifications the Lunevilles muſt ſuffer; ſhe could not enjoy a triumph that was purchaſed by the downfall of her enemies. The injuries meditated againſt herſelf, ſhe could and did forgive; reſtored to the eſteem and love of her guardian, ſhe wiſhed to make their peace with him. To effect this,

ſhe exerted all her powers of perſuaſion, all her eloquent pleadings in their favour; but acting with a ſtrong conviction that he was right, he checked her with a frown, ſaying, in a peremptory tone, "when I know I am correct, even you, dear child, are powerleſs to turn me from my purpoſe: the puniſhment of my unworthy relations is juſt; I have a ſpy on their actions, and, if I find my anger produces penitence, contrition, and amendment, I ſhall then know how to proceed. I therefore charge you, on your allegiance, mention them to me no more."

"Left to find our own amuſements, let us be happy, as reflecting mortals can be, fated to live in ſuch turbulent times, when an honeſt man is not certain how long his head may be permitted by our new lawgivers to remain on his ſhoulders! Well may you ſhudder, my poor girl, whoſe only protector againſt thoſe flagitious uſurpers is myſelf, well ſtricken in years, who will ſoon become helpleſs from thick-coming infirmities, a tax all muſt pay to time, who covet length of days. I grieve to ſay, every ac-

count that arrives from Paris, is worſe than the former. Violence, rapine, and murder ſtalk forth at noon day, unchecked by the terror of the laws, unawed by the fear of Omnipotence."

Theſe ſerious truths were alas too juſt prototypes of the ſcenes then acting by ſelf-devoted Frenchmen on the theatre of the revolution! The tumultuary meetings of the jacobin club, the ſanguinary proceedings of the ſans-culottes, the frenetic paſſions of the auguſt majeſty of the people, aſſembled *en maſſe*, their excitable minds heated to furor, by thoſe inflammable airs, *Ça-ira* and the *Marſeillois Hymn*, were fit inſtruments in the hands of their profligate leaders, to excite them to commit any atrocities, who made them the blind tools of their aſpiring ambition, aſſiſting their thirſt for vengeance, and their luſt of power.

In this chaos of different views and claſhing intereſts, by which men's minds were actuated, there aroſe a party compoſed of members, who were before unknown, who, in the ſtrange mutations of fortune, had

ſtarted into notice, and gained a conſpicuous place upon her wheel. In this era of her caprice, behold them capariſoned in all the regalia of office, deputies from the different provinces, to ſupport democracy; unlucky preference! behold theſe meteors raiſed by the populace, ſee them mounting the tribune, ſtrong in lungs to ſubdue the weak, and convince the wavering, by the forcefulneſs of their oratorical powers! A few, a very few days this ſelf-created delegate may be viewed, when, overborn by numbers, hurled from his elevation, by a more crafty head, or ſtronger vociferation than he was gifted with, he is denounced, proſcribed, condemned by thoſe modern Catalines. See him, by one aſtounding ſtroke of fate, dragged from the exalted forum to the levelling guillotine!

A cottage had been prepared for the reſidence of mother and daughter in the vicinity of Soutville, a village in the environs of Rouen, famous for its ſalubrious air, and the luxuriance of its meadows, that enabled the induſtrious peaſantry to furniſh the *deſ-*

ſerts of the city with a rich cream, ſuch as we never met with but in the fertile vales of Devon. In this retreat, they were ſupplied by the order of Monſieur Luneville, with every thing that could contribute to their comfort; but he had decided not to ſee them, until their conduct exhibited repentance. How they employed the interval allotted them for that purpoſe, and rewarded his generous forbearance, and tender lenity toward ſuch flagrant tranſgreſſors, will be ſhewn in the progreſs of our ſtory.

Convinced of having performed his part of the covenant, his conſcience was at reſt; and once more gratified by the company of his adulated Chriſtabelle, his heart, long oppreſſed and a ſtranger to joy, now again beat cheerily! Time flew rapidly, each moment was appropriated to thoſe pleaſures that pleaſe on reflection, and in witneſſing the improvement his favourite had made by a ſedulous attention to literary ſtudy, and ſcientific purſuits. Thus elapſed two months, in which the utmoſt harmony prevailed in the well-conducted eſtabliſhment of the houſe of

Luneville. Its enraptured maſter, exulting in thoſe wiſe arrangements that had reſtored quietude to his home, and elegance to his table, through the management of his eſtimable ward, who felt for his paternal attention even more than a daughter's love.

The genius of Chriſtabelle was of the firſt water, and ſhe exerted her various talents to chaſe from his mind painful recollections, and to amuſe thoſe hours of relaxation, ſtolen from intenſe ſtudy, and a too ſedulous attention to his profeſſional duties. A perfect miſtreſs of the inſtrument, while gracefully bending over her harp, ſhe would draw forth ſounds the moſt ſeraphic, accompanying them with the melting tones of her dulcet voice, tones that might have charmed "a ſoul under the ribs of death." To vary their amuſements, ſhe would read approved works of his ſelecting; when encouraged by her indulgent guardian, ſhe made obſervations with much acumen, commented with judgment on their authors, and modeſtly gave her opinion upon the ſubjects they had choſen.

Thus each moment was deſignated to uſefulneſs, or paſſed in "converſe ſweet;" theirs was truly an intercourſe of ſouls, for her venerable inſtructor oft "would talk of other worlds, and point the way," to obtain a place amid the juſt made perfect, while his youthful, lovely pupil was all attention, rapt in awe, as ſhe liſtened to the holy truths of religion, and the precepts of wiſdom, as they fell from the lips of hoary-headed age. Nothing had yet occurred to diſturb the enviable ſerenity of their unoffending lives, which were paſſed in a grateful ſtruggle between the obliger and the obliged, which ſhould moſt contribute to the comfort and felicity of the other. It was a ſtate of refined happineſs too celeſtial, too pure, too unalloyed by worldly droſs, to give a promiſe of permanence to its poſſeſſors!

Alas! in this ſublunary ſphere, the moſt proſperous being, whoſe riches can command the luxuries from the four corners of the globe to aid his enjoyments, and accelerate the gratification of his ſenſes, this gilded inſect of ſplendid opulence cannot call the next

hour his own, not even the paſſing moment! It is the lot of mortals to be ſubjected by the mutations of fortune's changeful wheel, to know not how ſoon they may be ſummoned by adverſe fate to exert their philoſophy, their fortitude, their religion, to enable them to endure thoſe misfortunes they could neither foreſee nor prevent. The royal pſalmiſt has ſaid, "it is good for man to be afflicted;" moſt aſſuredly, adverſity is a deſirable inſtructor, for it teaches us to know ourſelves, to draw forth the faculties of the mind that are often ſtagnated by proſperity, and would lay dormant if its powers were not called into action by the claims of adverſe fortune.

Deprived of thoſe props on which we have been accuſtomed to lean for ſupport under happier auſpices, left to combat, ſingle-handed, proud oppreſſion, contumelious inſult, and carking care, in thoſe moments of ſevere trial it is that a *great ſoul* ſhines forth with effulgent luſtre; all the virtues are elicited by unmerited ſuffering; equanimity, prudence, patience, wiſ-

dom under affliction, and a ſteady perſeverance in *right*, oppoſed to thoſe who have expoſed us to ſuffer *wrong*, will enable us to riſe above worldly perſecutions, and leave us ultimately conquerors! We truſt this fact will give to the ſinking heart confidence in the gracious goodneſs of Omnipotence, who has implanted in the boſom of his creatures, capabilities to meet unſhrinkingly, the inflictions of adverſity; for truly has the immortal Milton ſaid,

> "The mind is its own palace, and in itſelf
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTABELLE, ſupremely gifted as we have delineated her, poſſeſſing a genius capable of embracing every elegant art, every abſtruſe ſcience, with an underſtanding very far beyond her years, and talents highly cultivated, yet do we not preſent her as faultleſs! Thoſe who paint from nature will find the infirmities of humanity ever mixed in the maſs that forms fallible creatures, of ſufficient potency to prevent their claim to perfection! Her mind was energetic, and when called into action by trying ſituations, could act with firm deciſion, and unſhaken fortitude; but while thus enabled to combat real danger, ſhe ſhrank from ideal ſuffering. Educated amid the ſuperſtitious ſiſterhood in monaſtic ſeclusion, ſhe had imbibed all their prejudices, which, aided by a tincture of romance, and religious enthuſiaſm, ſhe believed ſhe

felt warnings of the evil to come, that were engendered by thick-coming fancies; and ſhe conſequently became a firm Predeſtinarian.

We are all the children of habit; Chriſtabelle's ideas were heated by liſtening to the lying legends of conventual fables, her imagination was impreſſed by preſentiments of woe, and ſhe allowed the dread of an expected misfortune to weigh upon her heart, and oppreſs her ſpirits. Thus ſhe paid intereſt for care, and met trouble half way; but this was an acquired, not a natural ſentiment of her mind; accuſtomed to hear from the nuns of aſtoniſhing wonders performed by thoſe holy relics they worſhipped, with a zeal more fervent than they did their great Creator; and of the aſtounding miracles performed by "legends of Saints, that never yet had being, or being, ne'er were Saints." Thus taught to believe in ſupernatural agency, exerted for the good of finite beings, why not to warn us of impending evils? Thus thought the ſenſible Chriſtabelle, who from the errors of education became a fataliſt, in deſpite of all the philo-

ſophical arguments of Monſ. Luneville, who found, to combat with reaſon, prejudices imbibed in early youth, was not always to be a conqueror.

Thus, amid the rational happineſs which we have pourtrayed as enjoyed by the family of Luneville, from the ſources which can alone produce it, a poliſhed underſtanding, and correct heart, the ſpirits of Chriſtabelle became oppreſſed, without any apparent motive. To her guardian ſhe was aſhamed to tell the cauſe, well aſſured he would treat it as chimerical; but to her leſs ſceptical nurſe Marian, who earneſtly ſought a reaſon for her dear child's melancholy, ſhe was induced to unboſom herſelf, by obſerving ſhe was convinced by an internal monitor, a ſad preſentiment of evil, that ſome mighty miſery impended over her head, that would ſoon burſt, and overwhelm all ſhe loved.

Marian liſtened, trembled, and gave implicit credit to this terrifying avowal. She croſſed herſelf with zealous fervour, and offered up a haſty prayer to her favourite ſaint, to avert the threatened omen. The

good nurſe had been taught to beſtow firm faith in the marvellous, by the tenets of a religion that was the prolific hot-bed of ſuperſtition; by which prieſts ſubjugate to their control the ignorant, by deceptive chicanery, holding forth as a part of their creed thoſe miraculous legends of impoſture and deception practiſed by the artful, the fanatic, and the wicked, to keep the dull vulgar in awe. On a mind thus diſpoſed, the ſpirit of prophecy, that ſpoke through the coral lips of Chriſtabelle, gained as much belief, as if it had been announced through the auguries of the Delphic oracle!

Thus the well meaning, but ignorant Marian, encouraged the oppreſſive grief of our heroine, who yielded her fine underſtanding a prey to viſionary terrors. This quick change in the late buoyant ſpirits of his ward, could not impoſe on the keen eye of her affectionate guardian; he ſolicited her to name the cauſe; ſhe avoided an explanation as long as poſſible, but at length was obliged to comply; for he inſiſted, and ſhe neither dared

to difobey, nor defcend to the meannefs of an untruth.

Monf. Luneville heard her in profound filence, and then attempted to combat her ideas of fatalifm, by the dictates of wifdom, philofophy, and religion. He argued, "that the fenfations fhe reprefented, whofe infallibility fhe believed, prognofticated fome forthcoming misfortune, might be accounted for from phyfical caufes. The effect fhe defcribed might arife from the blood paffing languidly through the heart, or by a relaxation of the nervous fyftem, that generated oppreffive melancholy, and conjured up ftrange fancies, productive of the chimeras dire of which fhe complained, that might fpring naturally from bodily difeafe." Obferving her attentively liftening, as if defirous of being convinced, he continued.

"Let not the judgment of my fenfible Chriftabelle be clouded by prejudice; inquire of thofe who have fuffered the extreme horror impreffed on the mind by what is denominated night-mare, that while

the ſpaſmodic affection laſts, ſo ſtrong is the direful feeling it excites, that thoſe writhing under its agony, are not to be perſuaded that it occurred while they ſlept, but firmly believe they have been really compreſſed within the fell gripe of an appalling fiend, from which no effort could enable them to eſcape! Yet this dreadful ſenſation, for the few moments it laſts, is alone produced by a checked circulation of the vital functions, for all thoſe appalling viſions of a morbid pulſation vaniſh inſtantaneouſly on the perſon being awakened! The near affinity that unites the mind and body, eaſily accounts for thoſe ſpectral deluſions that flit through a diſordered brain, by which you foreſee, and foretell, thoſe misfortunes in embryo, which I truſt will never be realized! To look upon our oppreſſed ſpirits in a ſupernatural view, is calling in queſtion the wiſdom, juſtice, and mercy of Omnipotence, who, if he willed to warn us "to flee from the wrath to come," would give us an intuitive ſenſe to know in what that evil conſiſted, or uſeleſs would be the preſenti-

ment, if ignorant of the errors we were to ſhun, the troubles we were to avoid!"

These inſtructive, ſenſible, and incontrovertible arguments of her aged protector, could not fail to make a proper impreſſion on ſuch a mind as Chriſtabelle's. The termination of his ſpeech ſtaggered her faith in fataliſm, while ſhe kiſſed his cheek, and thanked him for his kind exertions to enlighten her intellectual darkneſs, ſhe promiſed to revolve on her pillow, all he had urged, and make a ſtrong ſtruggle to allow ſuch cogent reaſons to vanquiſh early prejudices. Pleaſed with his ſucceſs, the family of Monſieur Luneville, after having offered up their evening oriſons, imploring the protection of the Omnipotent Creator of the univerſe, retired to their reſpective apartments, happy themſelves, and in peace with all their ſpecies.

While the eſtimable inmates of the houſe of Luneville are enjoying nature's beſt reſtorer, balmy ſlumbers, we will take a retroſpective view of the baniſhed mother and daughter in their Soutville cottage. En-

forced ſolitude, and village tranquillity, were not likely to ſuit ſuch perturbed ſpirits, nor to be productive of that repentance recommended by their relative, as the only paſſport to his forgiveneſs, and make them partakers of his affection and fortune. No,—all the ſorrow they experienced was, that their wicked machinations had failed of the effect they intended, and a determination to make ſurer work in future.

Gerrard Longuemain, the artful fabricator of thoſe letters, forged in the name of Miſs Ancram, had been ſometimes a viſitor in their impoſed retirement; though he ſtood not very high in the good graces of Madame Luneville, he was too much in the family ſecrets to be offended with impunity. Gerrard was a hardened, determined, unrelenting villain, with a head to engender, and a heart to execute the moſt attrocious crimes; gifted with a fierce and deſperate courage, that would not ſhrink from the perpetration of any nefarious deed, however black, that could ſatisfy his avarice, and aid his daring ambition. He was one of thoſe

Frenchmen that Voltaire has deſignated as tygers; he could behold his whole race maſſacred under the extirpating guillotine, with ſtoic philoſophy. He could ſee the priſons ſacked, and glut himſelf like the beaſt of which he was a prototype, with the ſight of human blood. This monſter of iniquity was fitted for the times in which he lived, it was not in a provincial city that ſuch a character could find "room and verge enough" to exhibit all his powers of miſchievous intent. He looked to Paris, as the proper ſtage for him to perform his part with eclat, where his talents would be underſtood, and remunerated accordingly. In the interim, he condeſcended to try his ſtrength on a ſmaller theatre.

He began his career by the blackeſt of crimes, one that, when nurtured in the human breaſt, is the maſter-key to all others; need we name "*ingratitude.*" Gerrard Longuemain was an orphan, whoſe parents, prior to his birth, had been confidential ſervants in the houſe of Monſieur Heureux, a rich banker; both died within

a few days of each other, of a malignant fever, leaving this boy, then about ſeven years of age, wholly unprovided for. He was the only one of the family that eſcaped the peſtilence; ſpared by Infinite Wiſdom, for reaſons unfathomable to our finite capacity, as a ſcourge to his ſpecies, by perpetrating crimes under every varied form.

The forlorn ſituation in which this poor child had been left, ſpoke volumes in his favour to the feeling heart of Madame Heureux, who ſent for him. He was a fine bold boy, that puſhed himſelf into notice, unchecked by any *mauvaiſe-honte*; under an appearance of open candour, he was ſly, artful, and inſinuating, and ſoon made himſelf an intereſt in the affections of both his protectors. Monſieur Heureux perceiving him poſſeſſed of promiſing parts, a retentive memory, and a quick conception of whatever he was taught, reſolved to give him a commercial education. The banker having much intercourſe with England, meaning to make him a *commis* in his

office, ſent him to London, where he was to be placed in an eminent banking houſe in that city. At this period, a peace between the nations occaſioned ſo much intercourſe, that a clerk who was perfectly *au-fait* in the buſineſs and language of both countries, was a deſirable acquiſition. This determined him to educate Longuemain to fill the ſituation of confidential *commis* in his houſe.

Monſieur Heureux firſt ſent him to St. Omer's, where his Jeſuitical propenſities were nurtured and fed, acquiring ſtrength, and gaining celebrity. From hence this flouriſhing ſcion was tranſplanted to a catholic ſeminary in the environs of London, where having rapidly acquired the method of book-keeping, and become an expert accountant, enabled to read, ſpeak, and tranſlate the language with promptitude, and having attained the age of ninenteen, he was thought capable of being placed in the houſe of an eminent banker, a friend and correſpondent of his patrons.

Here he finiſhed his ſtudies; ſeveral of his companions were violent declaimers for

liberty, decided democrats, pupils of the new ſyſtem of philoſophy, who, while they declaimed on the merits of political juſtice, the rights of man, free-will, the charms of virtue, and the immutability of truth, pompouſly announcing, ſuch was the code of laws to which alone they could conſent to ſubmit. Their minds were depraved by vicious purſuits, their actions guided by falſehoods, and they were liberticides againſt their country. In ſuch ſociety his naturally bad propenſities gained power, he was introduced by his colleagues to the company of the deſperate, the diſaffected, and the diſcontented; a race of men to be found in every ſtate, who, from tumultuous anarchy, having every thing to hope, and nothing to hazard,

"Ride on the whirlwind, and conduct the ſtorm."

From thoſe combuſtible ſpirits ſprings the germ of revolution, — a tree that flouriſhes in troubled waters, branching out into thoſe ramifications that generate ingratitude, revenge, robbery, cruelty, luſt, and murder. He was preſented by theſe fac-

tious demagogues to their democratic clubs, their midnight orgies, by whom he was announced as a very fine fellow, and became an active member of the Correſponding Society, put into their confidence, dubbed a ſecretary, and deputed to write to, and anſwer letters from, Mirabeau, Barrere, Condorcet, Fayette, Briſſot, and Roland. Thus he became known to the reſpective leaders of the factions in Paris, of which it will be ſeen he failed not in due time to make his advantage.

Gerrard poſſeſſed a ſtrong underſtanding, and a quick perception of character, that, exerted in a good cauſe, would have done him honour. Juſt as he was becoming of conſequence to his contemporaries, and he had, by various excuſes and artful devices, poſtponed his return to his patron, who had wrote to order him back to Rouen, the cabinet of St. James's became alarmed at the bold cabals of the diſaffected, and reſolved to put a ſtop to a ſyſtem of reform that they feared would ſhake the ſtate by Gallic convulſions; that London, like another

Paris, would become the emporium of uproar, confufion, and horror, which would ultimately terminate in open rebellion!

To prevent a realization of their worft doubts, all meetings of the people to petition for redrefs of grievances were prohibited, while many members of the Society, marked for their furious zeal in the caufe of liberty, delegates who exerted themfelves to procure a reform in parliament, were arrefted and committed to different prifons, to take their trials for mifprifion of treafon, and compaffing the death of the King: this turn in their affairs alarmed their Gallic fecretary for his own fafety, who had by his coadjutors been too well inftructed in the joys of freedom to hazard its continuation; therefore he took French leave of his late dear friends and worthy affociates, and pofting down to Brighton, embarked in a fifhing-fmack, which foon landed him at Dieppe.

The terrors of hanging removed, when he fet his foot on French ground his late depreffed fpirits recovered their tone, his hopes became buoyant, ambition re-

ſumed her empire in his breaſt; and, with aſſured confidence, he prepared to preſent himſelf to his generous benefactor, whoſ expectations were fully gratified by the v ſible improvement in the perſon, mind, an manners of his promiſing *elêve*. His pr lific brain ſoon fabricated a tale that r dounded much to the credit of his head an heart, and accounted for his ſpeedy return.

He was now placed as firſt *commis* in th office of his protector, and every kindneſ indulgence, and emolument beſtowed upo him that the moſt meritorious of morta could expect. This was the era of his li that offered white days: if he could hav been contented to have lived honeſtly, de meaned himſelf gratefully, and acted ho nourably, he might have been comfortable reſpectable, and happy. But to yawn through exiſtence, his ardent imagination heated by the flame of patriotiſm,—no! he could not conſent to vegetate in a counting-houſe,—to dedicate his precious time to what he denominated, drudging behind a deſk, for the mere means of ſupporting a

life, not worth ſuſtaining upon ſuch degrading terms.

Nothing was farther from Gerrard's intentions than to allow the friend who had ſaved him from poverty, foſtered and educated him at a great expence, to reap the advantage of his talents, or be remunerated by his acquirements. To Paris he looked as the emporium where Fortune rewarded her votaries. He made an eſtimate of his various powers, and found they far out-balanced thoſe of his contemporaries who had rapidly acquired power and riches, and he did not mean to be the laſt in the ſcramble for the good things of this life; but his preſcience ſhewed that it would be prudent to wait until thoſe who meant well to their country were diſpoſed of, as it certainly was the inducement of the National Aſſembly, who made the firſt ſtruggle to emancipate France from oppreſſion: their conduct was lauded by the wiſe, and their cauſe wiſhed ſucceſs to by the good, humane, virtuous, and juſt of all denominations.

He meant to ſtop at Rouen until the populace of Paris, new to the joys of freedom, like frantic bacchanals, ſhould ſacrifice to the goddeſs of their idolatry all that could render her preſence deſirable; when, inſtead of crowning her with wreaths of laurel, and ornamenting her fane with myrtle and roſes, intertwined with olives, emblems of honour, love, and peace, miſguided mortals, intoxicated by too potent draughts quaffed to the mountain nymph, ſweet liberty, ſhould ruſh to her temple, defile her altars, by immolating on her ſhrine whole hecatombs of innocent victims devoted to popular fury. Alas! to the diſgrace of human nature, this miſcreant lived to ſee his prophecies verified, his expectations accompliſhed, and his moſt ſanguine hopes crowned with ſucceſs, by becoming one of the ſatellites of that deteſtable monſter, Robeſpierre. True to his principles, he never loſt ſight of ſelf-intereſt; he had contrived to keep up a literary intercourſe with thoſe revolutionary chieftains which he had commenced in England, while deputed

foreign ſecretary to the Correſponding Society in that kingdom.

He only waited with watchful, wary caution for the proper moment to emerge from obſcurity, and ſtrike a bold ſtroke; reſolved in the interim to make the preſent time paſs pleaſantly, by laying himſelf out for an affair of the heart, ſome *petit amour pour paſſer le temps*. For this he was well calculated, and was favourably received by the women, his perſon being good, his countenance perfectly at his command,—a very Proteus, he could aſſume any character that would beſt aid the views of the inſtant. He alternately could be the enamoured, tender, ſighing lover, the inſidious, crouching, deceptive friend, the careleſs *bon* companion, the vivacious wit, the bitter ſatiriſt, the ſolemn philoſopher, or, if the occaſion ſerved, with bold effrontery could throw off the deceptive maſk, avow his intentions, glory in his principles, and boaſt of his conſummate abilities to deceive the moſt cautious.

In his face, a difciple of Lavater would have traced the vices that actuated his heart; the forehead was low, over which his hair curled *à la Brutus*, almoft touched his bufhy black brows, that fcowled over eyes dark and piercing, in whofe glances men might read matters of deep import; they feemed of the nature of the rattle-fnake, when directed to deftroy his prey; his nofe turned up at the end, fhewed the noftrils, auguring fagacity; his mouth was wide, which, when he indulged his fardonic grin, difplayed a fet of teeth, large, even, and white.

Amid thofe who had been kind to him in boyhood, was a Monfieur Dumont, a friend and neighbour of his benefactor. He had been early left a widower with one daughter, on whom he doated, and looked upon as the comfort of his declining life. Gerrard had been her play-mate, from the time he became an inmate of the banker's family; fhe was always partial to him; but, when on his return to Normandy, he waited upon her father to pay his refpects, Made-

moiſelle was evidently ſtruck with his improvement, pleaſed, ſhe beheld the awkward romping *garçon* metamorphoſed into the eaſy fine gentleman, whom ſhe thought very handſome, ſuperlatively witty, perfectly well bred, and wholly irreſiſtible.

He perceived at a glance the impreſſion he had made upon the ſuſceptible heart of Laurette. To ſecure his conqueſt, he exerted all his various attractions. This was not difficult with the young *citoyenne*, who looked upon the travelled beau, as having acquired the quinteſcence of all that was deſirable in Britain to enrich his own country. To realize her ideas, he deſcanted fluently on all that he had ſeen, or heard, or obſerved in his peregrinations. In one of his afternoon viſits to Dumont's, encircled by partial, admiring hearers, Gerrard, the Sir Oracle of the party, fulminated a decided opinion of men and manners, which none were hardy enough to diſpute.

Being ſolicited to give an account of his rambles, and the adventures they had produced, he recounted with much humour,

various anecdotes of himſelf and friends. When called upon by Dumont to ſpeak of England, its cuſtoms, and inhabitants, he deſcribed their *bourgeois* as a plodding, heavy, ſtupid, money-getting race, who conſumed their youth in gaining that fortune, which their early purſuits, and contracted ideas, forbid them to enjoy with propriety. That the independence they drudged through three parts of their lives to obtain, had not power to yield them pleaſure. That a Doctor Johnſon, the great lexicographer, whoſe gigantic mind, deep in learned lore, was at once their pride and boaſt, moſt truly defined the opulent trader, when retired from buſineſs to his country villa, obſerving to a friend, who complained they were diſagreeable neighbours; "why, Sir, I never liked that claſs of people, they have loſt the civility of tradeſmen, without acquiring the manners of gentlemen." He proceeded to ſay, that "John Bull was a rude brute, whoſe boaſted freedom conſiſted in going where he pleaſed without a paſſport, doing what he liked within the

ſanctorum of his own caſtle, protected by Magna Charta, commenting without fear on the political conduct of the three eſtates of the kingdom, which is governed by King, Lords, and Commons, by which, in deſpite of his vaunted liberty, John is ſubjected to their control!"

"You have charmingly delineated the men, exclaimed the delighted Laurette, but I am ſolicited by my young friends here, to requeſt you would exert your talents to portray the women of a country, of whom we have ſeen ſo little, and heard and read ſo much. Are they, without hyperbole, ſo accompliſhed, ſenſible, and beautiful, as report ſpeaks them?"

"It is a fallacious deſcription, they have not theſe qualities in a ſuperlative degree; taken individually, they are ſtiff, formal, ſtupid, prudes; but in the aggregate, licentious coquettes, who acquire a character for wiſdom by a faſtidious demeanor; for virtue, by rigid, repellent manners; for piety, by the impoſing veil of religion. They do not wiſh to be really learned women, but they

are ambitious of being announced as ſuch, and looked up to by the ignorant as poſſeſſing ſuperior minds. For this they appear to devote themſelves to the ſtudy of abſtruſe ſciences; and theſe being far beyond their comprehenſion, their inſtructors are alone benefited by the leſſons they give! Always wiſe in their own conceits, they ſuppoſe themſelves adepts in thoſe arts in which they are only ſmatterers; but they boldly claim ſuperiority, and the imbecile and illiterate yield implicitly to the demands of confident preſumption."

"Oh! how charmingly you have painted in vivid colours their acquirements; pray proceed in your ſatisfactory account of theſe proud iſlanders." A ſardonic grin curled the lips of the diverted Gerrard, on beholding theſe envious demoiſelles ſwallowing, with keen avidity, his falſe repreſentation. He proceeded: "They have none of that charming vivacity ſo alluring, but torpid and inane, poſſeſs not one ſpark of that picquant wit, that elegant addreſs, thoſe animating ſpirits that exhilarate and delight

the heart, when in the ſociety of my faſcinating countrywomen!" Perceiving through his bent brows the ſmile of pleaſure his compliment had lighted up in the eyes of his fair auditors, he was convinced his doſe of flattery had taken effect.

"No, there is no reſemblance; the Engliſh ladies are ſhallow, conceited, and vain, have no urbanity of manners, are repellant, haughty, and conſequently diſguſting. How ſhall I ſpeak of their perſons, and not be deemed unjuſt. Before I became a ſojourner in their land, I was taught to ſuppoſe them tranſcendently beautiful; they may be handſome, but they cannot appear ſo in the eyes of a Frenchman! Their perſons are in general of the middle ſtature; their ſkins fair; ſometimes, but not often, tinged with a natural colour. Their eyes blue, with light hair; their features good, but fixed, and unmeaning; their countenances are never lighted up with that ſparkling intelligence, thoſe brilliant corruſcations, that I this moment ſee flaſhing from thoſe bright orbs that give aſſurance of a mind

within. The outlines of their figures are ſtrait and ſlim, but ſtiff and unbending, never poſſeſſing that curve of beauty, that pliant eaſe, that gives to the perſon grace and dignity. You will remember ladies, I am deſcribing the Engliſh on a broad ſcale; there are individuals in which every variety of form and colour is diſplayed."

Thus this baſe, ungrateful wretch, to pleaſe his preſent hearers, and gratify his ſarcaſtic propenſities, dared, by a falſe deſcription, attempt to injure a generous nation in the opinion of what has been deemed their natural enemies, reckleſs of the obligations he owed to the inhabitants of a country who had ever treated him with marked friendſhip, from whom he had received innumerable kindneſſes, at whoſe hoſpitable boards he had been a frequent and welcome gueſt. To repay theſe benefits he had attempted to ſow the ſeeds of rebellion, and introduce anarchy into the land that foſtered him; conſcious he meant to injure, he never could forgive the objects that had excited his diabolical machinations.

CHAPTER XI.

GERRARD's hours of relaxation from the bufinefs of the *bureau*, in which he made it appear to the highly fatisfied banker that he was feduloufly employed for his intereft, were fpent at Dumont's houfe; he was an open, candid, and well meaning character, who admired the talents of his gueft, and fufpected not the depravity of his heart, but believed he would make a very good hufband for his idolized daughter, in whom he thought he could perceive a growing partiality for her old play-mate. He was perfectly correct, for in the breaft of Laurette, the god of love reigned with abfolute fway.

She was a little delicate brunette, not a beauty, but very interefting; a foft languor was the character of her countenance, which received its impreffion from thofe tender fufceptibilities by which her bofom

was actuated. The ſoftneſs that pervaded her manners rendered her faſcinating, but made her an eaſy prey to the deceptive Longuemain, who was induced by no honourable motives to gain the affections of this innocent girl. He only ſought the pleaſure of female ſociety in his viſits to her, a lounging place to kill an idle hour, the eclat of an amour. Alas! this plant is indigenous in every ſoil: how many Gerrard Longuemains does our own country produce; conceited, coxcomb libertines, who, ſpurred on by vanity and vice, rob the truſting female of virtue, and trample on the laws of hoſpitality, by deſtroying the peace and happineſs of thoſe families, who admit their viſits under the proſtituted name of love. "Let no ſuch men be truſted."

He was a diſciple of the late Lord Cheſterfield, whoſe dangerous volumes he had made the ſtudy of his idle hours; imbibing his lax principles, he was prepared to act upon his advice, that an affair of the heart with a friend's wife or daughter, was much

more defirable than ranging on the *pavé*. Hence arofe his attentions to Laurette, nothing being farther from his intentions, than to crib his great foul, and at twenty-two trammel his free agency, by hymeneal fetters! He could not fatisfy his afpiring ambition by marrying the heirefs of a lace merchant, condemned for the refidue of his life to fit behind a brown defk, to increafe the few hundred louis that would probably be her portion.

He viewed her as an object to amufe his vacant hours. It has been already fhewn that he was artful, feductive, and plaufible. Her underftanding was weak, and her heart fufceptible, which aided his fchemes for her undoing; and fhe foon became the victim of her own fenfibility, and his fophiftry, under the ftale pretence of a promife of marriage. Soon after his fuccefs with poor Laurette, fhe became acquainted with Mignonne Luneville, who introduced her to this gallant gay Lothario; fhe was charmed by his perfonal and mental accomplifhments, and though her new friend had in confidence

whifpered he was her accepted lover, the coquettifh Mignonne felt no compunctious vifitings of confcience to prevent her from calling up all her powers of pleafing to enable her to rival, and carry off the enviable prize from the fimple, trufting, ruined Laurette.

Gerrard was too keen an obferver of human nature, too well verfed in that paffion which Mignonne felt, or thought fhe felt, not to perceive the new conqueft he had made. It flattered his *amour propre*; he exulted in his good fortune, gloried in his triumph over female weaknefs. Like other tyrants, he determined to turn it to his own advantage. Mademoifelle Luneville could not boaft of poffeffing much more beauty than her contemporary; but fhe fuited his tafte better. Being almoft tired of the love-fick, fighing Laurette, this new amour promifed, at leaft, variety; fhe was lively in her manner, with a quicknefs of retort, and a picquancy in her converfation, that, though it was not genuine wit, paffed for fuch with the many, who had

not enough themfelves to difcover the counterfeit.

By his intuitive perception, he difcerned the feeds of evil were thick fown in her mind; that, under his mafterly tuition, might become a thriving plant, which, when brought to perfection, would repay the cultivator tenfold. He beheld her artful, deceptive, and hypocritical; fuch a character he knew how to turn to account. She might be rendered an ufeful auxiliary in his future plots; of the puling, fentimental Laurette, he could make nothing. In recapitulating the advantages to be derived from his new conqueft, he forgot not that the old accoucheur was reported to be very rich; Mignonne was his neareft relation, and would certainly poffefs his fortune. That, was a grand defideratum in the prefent tumultuary ftate of things, being well affured if he meant to embark with fuccefs on the boifterous ocean of politics, money, that was the very finews of war, would be a neceffary companion to enfure a profperous

voyage; that wit, wiſdom, and learning would be poor ſubſtitutes for gold, and never enable an adventurer, without its aſſiſtance, to ſteer his bark into a ſafe harbour.

For all theſe good and cogent reaſons, he reſolved inſtantly to commence an attack on the heart of his deſtined dupe. He ſeduloufly ſought, and ſoon found an opportunity to lay himſelf at the feet of the delighted Mignonne, who proudly exulted in thoſe fancied charms by which ſhe had gained a lover, rivalled a confiding friend, and ſhould carry off the delectable man for whom all the Rouen *Demoiſelles* were dying! But, convinced this election of her heart would neither ſatisfy her ambitious mother, nor be approved by her provident uncle, ſhe was, though unwillingly, compelled to enjoy her triumph in ſecret. Thus, to gratify herſelf, and ſatisfy her lover's ardent importunity, ſhe gave him over her the dangerous advantage of meeting him privately at the houſe of a third perſon: the

confequence of imprudently putting herfelf in the power of fo unprincipled a libertine, may be eafily augured!

It would have been deftructive to thofe plots his prolific brain had engendered, had his connection with Laurette been dif-covered, until his arrangements were com-pleted for leaving Rouen, which might have prematurely taken place, had fhe known of his amour with the falfe Mig-nonne. He therefore continued to vifit at her father's as ufual, who, honeft man, had no miftruft of his daughter's feduction. By fome officious friends, fhe had been in-formed of Longuemain's being often feen walking in lover-like retreats with the doc-tor's niece. When fhe fpoke to him of thofe reports, he wholly denied the accu-fation, or gave it a natural appearance; thus lulling her fufpicions, by his fpecious blan-difhments, and reiterated promifes to make her honourably his, as foon as his benefac-tor could be prevailed upon to confent.

With the ſpirited Mignonne, he acted very differently; in his conduct toward her, he meant to carry it with a high hand; when ſhe accuſed him with having deceived her, ruined her reputation, and that ſhe found herſelf in a ſituation that would infallibly rob her of the protection and fortune of her uncle, if he did not marry her immediately; he heard her to an end with cutting *ſang-froid*, ſmiling contemptuouſly, he aſked, if for a moment ſhe could ſuppoſe he meant thoſe vows ſeriouſly, that it would be an act of decided inſanity to keep in his dependent ſituation. Nothing could excuſe a wiſe man, in his own opinion, for loading himſelf with that oppreſſive burthen, a teeming wife, unleſs the weight was leſſened by a good fortune. Without that, how was a domeſtic eſtabliſhment to be ſupported? He therefore recommended her to exert her rhetorical powers, to induce her relative to turn out his coffers, and give her that grand deſideratum to matrimonial felicity, gold; which obtained, he would try to con-

quer his natural antipathy to ſhackles; if this could not be managed, however unwillingly, he ſhould be compelled to tear himſelf from the embraces of his charming Mignonne.

Gerrard felt himſelf a conqueror, and the deception that gained his victory, was no longer neceſſary to his purpoſe, he therefore threw off appearances, and dictated terms to the object her own folly had diveſted of all eſtimation in the eyes of the man for whom ſhe had ſacrificed every claim to honour. In him ſhe beheld no longer the object her fond fancy had created, he ſtood confeſſed in his real character; and the outraged feelings of Mignonne ſaw portrayed the cold-hearted villain in the ſo late warm lover. Her temper diametrically oppoſite to the mild, tender, uncomplaining Laurette; ſhe was furious at her wrongs, retorted his inſults, and loudly arraigned his baſeneſs, vowing to immolate him to her juſt vengeance.

He ſmiled provokingly at thoſe imbecile threats, that full well he knew ſhe was powerleſs to execute; ſhe could not expoſe

him without betraying herſelf; the cards were in his hands, and he reſolved to play the game in his own way. This he plainly told her; finding violence uſeleſs, ſhe tried the power of blandiſhments, intreaties, tears, and fainting fits. Theſe ſhafts fell harmleſs, producing no effect on the calloſity of his obdurate boſom. She was now compelled to acknowledge that ſhe had no hopes from an application to her uncle, who, once aſſured of her defalcation from virtue, his rigid ſenſe of chaſte propriety in women, and the ſhame her conduct would, when known, bring on her relative connections, would baniſh her from his houſe and heart for ever; that thrown by her folly from his protection, he would take home, and adopt his doating piece, and her deteſtation; the hated Chriſtabelle, and inveſt her with all his accumulated hoards.

Gerrard convinced that though Monſieur Luneville had lived in this world to a good old age, he was but a child in its uſages, was a perfect ſtranger to its multifarious deceptions, and of its arts and vices knew

nothing. It would therefore be an eafy tafk to impofe upon his trufting credulity; this he explained to Mignonne, and promifed her that he would lend his affiftance to make his favourite appear unworthy. This once effected, all would go well; "then, if he will inveft you with the cafh, *ma petite* Mignonne fhall become Madame Longuemain."

Convinced fhe was wholly in his power, fhe was compelled to acquiefce in his fchemes, and a fort of packed peace was made by this equally iniquitous couple, fealed by the expected ruin of the innocent Chriftabelle. Mignonne, after this eclairciffement, faw fhe had nothing to hope from the love, honour, or juftice of her lover; her profpects were defperate, threatened with being a mother, with fmall probability of becoming a wife!

This being the fituation of affairs, when fhe fummoned her wit to avert the coming ftorm, at this moment occurred the adventure at the bridge of boats; and the polite vifit of the Englifh travellers, to inquire after her whofe life they had preferved, put the plot into

her head of affuming her appearance, believing, if fhe could fucceed in paffing herfelf on Lord Everfley, as the maid of Rouen, and he could be prevailed upon, by a fabricated account of the miferable life fhe led, to offer her his protection, and take her with him to Paris, fhe might yet triumph over her falfe fwain, by becoming a lady. For this fhe trufted to her feductive charms, and her fpecious blandifhments, depending on carrying all her points with the young romantic Englifhman, in love for the firft time! The difappointment of her good intentions in his lordfhip's favour was defeated by the under-plot of Hector Sarcafm, and the mal-a-propos appearance and explanation of Mifs Ancram.

It was at this time that fhe cafually mentioned to her mother, her having any knowledge of Monfieur Heureux's *commis*, who, accuftomed to write Englifh, was very clever, and could imitate any perfon's hand he chofe. He might therefore be induced to aid their plot, and accelerate the deftruction of Chriftabelle. This hope

being received with avidity, he was introduced to Madame Luneville. She found him plausible, capable, and apt for any mischief, perfectly free from scrupulosity about the correctness of his employment; of course a fit agent for every villainy.

The notoriety of Mignonne's attempt to gain the heart of my Lord Anglois, under the semblance of Christabelle, was too much the talk of the public not to have reached the ear of Gerrard, who, when next they met, congratulated her upon her scheming propensities, patted her blushing cheek, and ironically declared he had now some hopes of her making a figure in intrigue, when the Fates should transplant her from a provincial town to the capital of the great empire, where alone such promising talents, such capabilities for finesse, would find space for exertion.

She could not deny a fact that every body knew; but she attempted a justification of her conduct, by pleading in extenuation his threat of abandonment, and the situation his glozing love, and her trusting

confidence, had reduced her to the neceſſity of making a bold effort to ſave herſelf from public ſhame.

"*Ma petite* Mignonne, I forgive you," he replied, laughing moſt provokingly, "for meditating to quit the humble Gerrard for a mighty lord, which at once gives me a good opinion of your prudence, and aſſures me of the violence of that affection, that could be ſo quietly transferred to my envied noble rival!" adding, with a ſatirical ſneer, ſeeing her eyes ſuffuſed with tears of mortification, "weep not, my fair one; I am not offended; all is as it ſhould be; we truly underſtand each other, and you in future can have no right of complaint, ſhould I likewiſe find it pleaſant or convenient to ſeek a leſs inconſtant miſtreſs."

This provoking ſpeech was delivered in the moſt taunting manner; while every feature portrayed contempt, his eyes ſhot angry glances, and his ſcowling lip ſpoke ſcornful meaning. His love ſuffered no jealous pangs; but his vanity had been ſeverely mortified, and his conſequence humbled at

finding how eaſily the being he thought his willing ſlave could ſo ſoon ſhake off his charms.

It has been ſhewn how the accumulated wickedness, the diabolic frauds of the three aſſociates, were defeated by the interference of a watchful Providence, by which the triumph of truth and innocence were manifeſted over falſehood and villany.

The mother and daughter, in their impoſed retirement, compelled to live upon an annuity equal to all the real wants, but none of the luxuries of life, were not objects to claim the notice of ſuch a being as Gerrard Longuemain, who at this criſis, having made Rouen no longer a ſafe retreat, meditated to decamp without beat of drum. This he adroitly effected; after having brought his long-projected ſchemes to bear, he firſt forged the hand-writing of Dumont, and drew out 3000 livres that he had placed in the bank of his neighbour, to pay his lace-manufacturer. In the full confidence of his employer, being intruſted with the keys of the ſtrong box, he made no ſcruple

of lightening it of its contents, amounting to 2000 louis d'ors. Not yet ſatiated, this monſter of ingratitude took an opportunity, while his benefactors were paſſing a few days at their country retirement, to break open a cabinet of Madame Heureux's, who was his firſt friend, and had been to him more than a mother, robbing her of a very fine ſet of pearls of great value, a preſent from a brother in the Eaſt Indies; a repeater ornamented with brilliants, and various other trinkets, the accumulation of years.

Thus having, like another Iſraelite, deſpoiled the Egyptians, richly freighted with the plunder of his friends and benefactors, he made a quick march for that emporium of accumulated crime, Paris; where, eſcaped from Chaos and old Night, the fell demons of Pandemonium, permitted to reviſit the glimpſes of the moon, infuſed into the minds of frantic mortals, were goaded on by their dire influence to execute crimes of the blackeſt die, by which they immolated their victims as ſacrifices on the altars of Moloch. Of thoſe unhappy females whom

he had devoted to the gratification of his libidinous paſſions, he took not the leaſt notice; but, without one pang of remorſe, left them to all the horrors of their ſituation. Though both were *enceinte*, the truly pitiable Laurette was, at his departure, ſeven months advanced in her pregnancy, and Mignonne near four. To ſhew his bold audacity, and prove that what he had courage to execute he had effrontery to juſtify, he left on his deſk, addreſſed to Monſieur Heureux, the following letter, —

"Sir,

"Accept my thanks for giving me an education ſo well calculated to enlighten my reaſoning faculties, that elicited the perfectability of my mind, inſtructing me how to uſe the powers with which I am individually gifted by Nature to the beſt advantage, for the benefit of the whole ſpecies. While a ſcholar at St. Omer's, under the tuition of *Père St. Auguſtin*, I learnt the jeſuitical creed to command my features, to appear rigidly ſevere, ſolemnly ſedate, the

adorer of virtue, the worſhipper of truth, and the ſcourge of vice: but I ſoon comprehended this was a ſemblance neceſſary to impoſe on the Public, who would give me credit for open candour and undeviating rectitude, as being the actuating principle of my conduct; while wary caution, cunning artifice, and deep-laid deception, muſt be my ſtudy, if I meant to raiſe myſelf by my own energies.

"His precepts ſunk deep on my mind; *Père Auguſtin* found me an apt ſcholar; he exerted all his ſeducing rhetoric to induce me to devote my talents to the Church; this I declined, becauſe I wiſhed to practiſe his leſſons of artful hypocriſy in a more active ſphere of uſefulneſs. The ſtructure reared on ſo fair a foundation, I had no fear of ſucceeding on the great theatre of the world. Thus impreſſed with the *utile & dulce* of theſe ſentiments, your orders arrived for my repairing to Britain, where every gale is fraught with liberty. Arrived there, I found each peaſant partaking with his family the joys of freedom under his

own fig tree, without fear of his meal being difturbed by proud oppreffion. There the pooreft labourer is deemed worthy of his hire, and enjoys the comforts it procures without moleftation.

" In this happy land, new ideas filled my mind; my very foul expanded. Here I learnt to fpurn the fhackles of flavery impofed on my fuffering countrymen by the proud nobleffe; and here I determined to free myfelf from unnatural reftraint, and aid the caufe of liberty all over the world. My mind was imbued with thefe fentiments, which I was foon called upon to practife. Your orders arrived for my leaving the feminary, and I again changed my abode; and in the office of a court-banker, where it was leaft to be expected, found congenial fpirits, difciples of the new philofophy, whofe latitudinarian principles in church and ftate made them fit inftruments to produce a reformation in both. My verfatile, yielding nature foon received their precepts, adopted their opinions, and prepared to follow their example. With all the ardour of my cha-

racter, I entered into their views, I was introduced to their midnight cabals, and became an active and uſeful agent in the correſpondence they carried on with the promoters of the new order of things in France. All was *en train*, and the good citizens of England, having got the game in their own hands, would have regulated the ſtate, reformed its abuſes, and aſſerted the majeſty of the people, when the wary Miniſter, who had his ſpies and traitors amid our councils, became alarmed at the increaſing power of this revolutionary faction, which was becoming formidable, ſtrengthened by its auxiliaries, who were holding meetings in every part of the united kingdoms.

"He iſſued warrants, and many of the moſt prominent and active members were arreſted and committed to different priſons, to take their trials as traitors to their country. It was now that the pupil of *Père Auguſtin* found the utility of his precepts, to make the folly of our contemporaries a leſſon of wiſdom to ourſelves, to be cautious where they are candid, to be prudent where they

are profuſe, to be taciturn where they are talkative, to read the ſecret ſentiments of our aſſociates, but cloſe the book upon our *own*, ſtudiouſly to turn their confidence to our advantage, finally, to live by "the crimes for which other men die." Having, in this hot-headed nation, learnt how to render life valuable, and perceiving in my own, how to paſs it to my *goût*, I felt no inclination to put it at the hazard, by ſtopping for the award of twelve ſtupid *bourgeoiſes*, who might have deemed my *vox populi* worthy an exalted ſituation. To prevent this ſpeedy termination of my travels, I wiſely decamped, and fortunately reached in ſafety the place that had the honour to give birth, to what, I truſt, will be found no common character.

"Though the reformation of men, manners, and morals met ſuch an unexpected check in Britain, in France it went merrily on. I found in Paris, they had laid the axe to the root of the tree; that my ardent countrymen were rouſed from the torpid ſtate of inaction, in which they had repoſed for centuries; but having began by demoliſhing the

baſtille, an act which eſtabliſhed inſubordination, they had formed themſelves into one legiſlative body, and aſſumed the title of *l'aſſemblé conſtituente.* I foreſaw, from that moment, they would carry every thing; that the grand Monarque would become, in their hands, a mere cypher, a puppet; and the proud nobleſſe, in their turn, be obliged to ſubmit to the dominion of *le peuple ſouverain*, and accept laws from thoſe over whom they had ſo long tyranniſed.

"I have hitherto curbed the aſpiring ambition of bringing thoſe various talents on that ſtage, where they would act to my honour and advantage, becauſe I waited until the time was ripe to prove my patriotiſm, to exhibit my civiciſm, and to elicit thoſe powers ſo well calculated to take a conſpicuous part in this glorious revolution! The hour is arrived, I fly to meet the fraternal embrace, to be admitted to the honour of the ſitting, to mount the tribune, to pour upon the ears of the charmed and liſtening Mountain, a torrent of eloquence that will be received with aſtoniſhment, and rewarded by the ap-

probation and acclamations of the new enlightened populace, whofe reiterated applaufes, when the journals fhall announce my triumph, will not his *çi-devant* protector be proud of his *elêve*?

"Time preffes, and nothing but my feeling it incumbent on me, to account for a conduct, that to *you* may feem to demand an apology, could have induced me to employ fuch precious moments in writing this very long epiftle; but I felt, that I owed to you an explanation of actions founded upon thofe principles that I imbibed from the mode of education you adopted, to enable me to guide myfelf through the intricate mazes of life; and, I truft, I fhall credit the inftructions of my preceptors.

"After this candid confeffion of my faith, you cannot be either offended or furprifed on finding that I have been fo wifely provident, as to help myfelf to a part of thofe riches, in which you amply abound, and I am wholly without. Whether a kingdom is monarchical, revolutionifed into a commonwealth, or like England governed by kings,

lords, and commons, a poor individual will be only an unit in its account, without he can acquire a ſufficiency of that powerful ſtimulant, gold, to give him weight, and lift him into notice. Impreſſed with this conviction, I could not conſent to make my *début* on the ſtage of political warfare, without ſuch a neceſſary auxiliary to enſure ſucceſs.

"I have therefore taken, without your *leave*, what, with your contracted commercial ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, I was certain of not obtaining with your conſent. A pupil of the equalizing ſyſtem, I was convinced of its juſtice, wiſdom, and equity, that power, dominion, and property, ſhould, like the benefits of earth, air, and water, be enjoyed in common; that the poor have an irrefragable right to claim a diviſion with the rich of thoſe good things the latter have hitherto, by the ſtrong arm of power, appropriated to their own particular uſe! Theſe were the actuating motives of my conduct, I therefore felt I had a natural claim to ſhare your accumulated wealth. Before I take my leave, I muſt obſerve, I ſhould be very

ſorry to injure the man who calls himſelf my benefactor; but if you attempt to purſue me to the capital; I ſhall, though moſt unwillingly, be compelled, in ſelf-defence, to denounce you to the National Aſſembly, as a traitor to your country, aiding its ariſtocratical chiefs to make their eſcape from juſtice, by aſſiſting them with means and money, and ſupplying them with information how to carry on their treaſonable practices againſt the ſovereign people, one and indiviſible. Thus candidly acquainted, citizen Hereux, with my determination, I give you credit for having ſaving wiſdom enough, to take a hint from one who wiſhes to be ſtill your friend,

"GERRARD LONGUEMAIN."

At the banker's return from his villa, he found himſelf robbed, and his *eléve* flown. On peruſing his inſolent, bold epiſtle, the much injured Heureux became frantic at the atrocious conduct and baſe ingratitude of its abandoned writer. He did, indeed, too well underſtand the threat thrown out in its

conclusion, and entertained no doubt of his performing, to the letter, his menace; he dared not therefore pursue the villain to that horrid scene of rapine, carnage, and murder, which Paris now produced. Prompt were the measures of their tribunals; to be accused, condemned, and executed, was but the work of a few hours; he therefore resolved to sit down under the loss of his property, nor risk his life by pursuing the demon, who had thus set him at defiance.

But alas! his loss, great as it was, was nothing to the miseries of his unfortunate neighbour, poor Dumont, who, on the alarm being given of Gerrard's flight, after robbing his protector, flew to offer his condolence, when he found the money he had deposited in the bank to pay his lace-merchant, had been drawn out by a forged order. These were indeed sad tidings, which, not being rich, must greatly distress his commercial arrangements, and, if he could not immediately raise the sum, hurt his future credit. But this was nothing to the misery he was fated to endure; for, on

his recounting with bitter acrimony to his daughter the infamous conduct of her favourite Gerrard, he beheld his only child, his idolized Laurette, the pride of his life, the solace of his age, sink upon the floor in strong convulsions.

Alarmed, terrified, and execrating his imprudence, he believed his unprepared account of her lover's duplicity had occasioned her illness. Monsieur Luneville being sent for, perceived at once the situation of his patient, it was impossible longer to keep it a secret from Dumont; he therefore undertook the unwilling task, and, with all the tenderness of his nature, excited for a father's feelings, told the dread truth, that his child was far advanced in a state of pregnancy, and the shock she had sustained had brought on the pangs of a premature labour; that all his skill should be exerted to save her life, though he feared for her intellects, as there was no intermission from the violence of her fits, which were so strong as to render her insensible to her agonising situation.

Oh God! who ſhall attempt to paint a parent's feelings, in a moment ſo fraught with wretchedneſs, as that of witneſſing his cheriſhed offspring ſeduced from virtue, and abandoned to ſhame, by a libertine deſtroyer of his confidence, and her honour! Who can view the daughter expiring in agonies, and the wretched parent rending his ſilver locks in deſpair, and not ſhrink with horror from ſuch dreadful portraits!

"Ye gallant, gay Lotharios of a vicious age, we call upon you to ſtop, reflect, and pauſe, ere you ſacrifice to the ſhrine of pleaſure and vanity, or the gratifications of ſenſe, the chaſte, virtuous, and unſuſpecting females you were born to protect, love, and cheriſh. Let the unprincipled libertine conſider the object of his illicit paſſion is not alone the ſufferer by her defalcation from propriety; all her relatives are implicated in the degradation of her fate, who "falls like ſtars to riſe no more." Juſt as our outraged feelings had propelled us to apoſtrophiſe the lords of the creation, our Mentor whiſpered, "you will, by ſuch advice,

ruin your celebrity in the world of faſhion; it is not by muſty maxims, ſage advice, and moral precepts you muſt expect to acquire fame. In this lax era, you muſt enter warmly on the ſubject, paint glowingly, delineate love as all-powerful, ſetting reaſon at defiance, baniſhing prudence, and conquering religion. In your characters of men and women, you muſt gloze over their faults, be indulgent to their foibles, extenuate their aberrations from the ſtrait path, nor expect from the heated imagination of youth the cauſtic-freezing of cold-blooded age."

"Theſe are too truly the practices of the *new* ſchool, but we avow ourſelves of the *old*, and cannot gain our own conſent to inflame by our writings the ardent minds of youth."

"This is all very well," replied our Mentor; "your motives are correct, and your intentions praiſe-worthy, if you write only for the *choſen few*; but if you mean to be read by the *many*, are ambitious to be announced as a popular novel-writer, you

muſt produce a work from the following receipt:"

"Paint love as an all-powerful deity, whoſe proſelytes, blind to propriety, venture all upon a ſingle caſt; when ſtimulated by this imperious paſſion of the ſoul entering into "the ſpirit of the book," you muſt not demur at trifles, make a mother deſcribe to a very young daughter the ſympathiſing ſenſations that were felt by herſelf and lover, when unappalled and unſubdued by the ſurrounding dead, they wandered amid the catacombs of her anceſtors! Convince her by her own example, that to the imperious ſway of the blind god, all muſt yield; for no fears were ſufficiently ſtrong to prevent her from aſcending the mountain, there to hear the vows of her beloved; with no witneſs but the moon, "the unconſcious moon," they breathe their tender ſighs, mingled with chaſte kiſſes, every guardian ſylph was aſleep, "and love alone was waking!" How this delightful *tété-à-teté* would have terminated cannot be ſaid, being opportunely interrupted by an enraged father, at-

tended by a troop of fierce-whiſkered German dragoons, who, callous to the tears of lovers, ſeparate the enamoured pair, while the admirer is fettered by links of iron, for his daring temerity, the heroine is compelled to put on the roſy chains of matrimony; gifted with glowing ideas, always vivid in her deſcriptions, in ſpeaking of hymeneal rites, ſhe is particularly diffuſive, minutely exact, for the information, inſtruction, and edification of the youthful offspring of this ill-aſſorted marriage!"

"Can there be ſuch women, and not move our ſpecial wonder? Aſſuredly, there are; and if my leſſons of inſtruction do not convince you of their utility, uſe the power veſted in an author of being preſent everywhere, and hearken to the precepts of wiſdom, as they fall from the high-varniſhed lips of Sir Tremulous Torpor, who, exhauſted by his morning's lounge on the Bond-ſtreet *pavé*, throws himſelf on a chair at Carpenter's Book-depoſitory, with liſtleſs apathy, inquiring for the laſt poem of the Modern Anacreon, or any thing of that ſort worth reading, when, be-

hold, his half-clofed eyes fall on your *luck-lefs* work, which he unfortunately opens at the tramontane page, in which you have expreffed fuch Gothic notions, and ventured fuch fage advice, when, with a long and protracted yawn, hear him exclaim, " What, is this incorrigible author at her old tricks, boring her readers to death, by preaching and profing againft love and liberty, and all that, flinging the book on the counter; " horrid ftuff! Curfe me, but I fhould like to play the part of a Lovelace myfelf, if it were not too much trouble!"

In anfwer to the baronet, and all other carpers, we have only to obferve, as a fictitious ftory is with us ufed to enforce a truth which we have ever made a vehicle for the punifhment of vice, and the reward of virtue, with fexual pertinacity we fhall proceed on our accuftomed plan, in defpite of the threat of being banifhed from the toilets of dafhing belles, and depraved libertines, and the being voted an unpopular writer, by whole lots of fuch ephemeral non-entities as Sir Tremulous Torpid! Thus,

undiſmayed, we ſhall continue our labours for the edification of our youthful readers, and like their early acquaintance, Eſop, leave them to draw the moral from the fable; knowing we mean well to our ſpecies, we are not to be deterred from our purpoſe by the ſagacious nods of our friends, the envious frowns of our enemies, nor by the unjuſt caſtigation of hypercriticiſm!"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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